

WITCHCRAFT

ILLUSTRATED



OLD

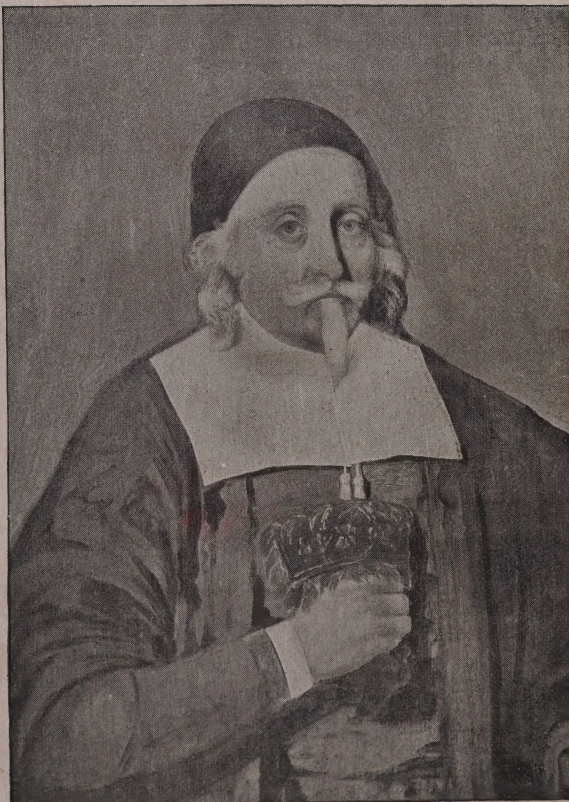
AND

NEW

SALEM

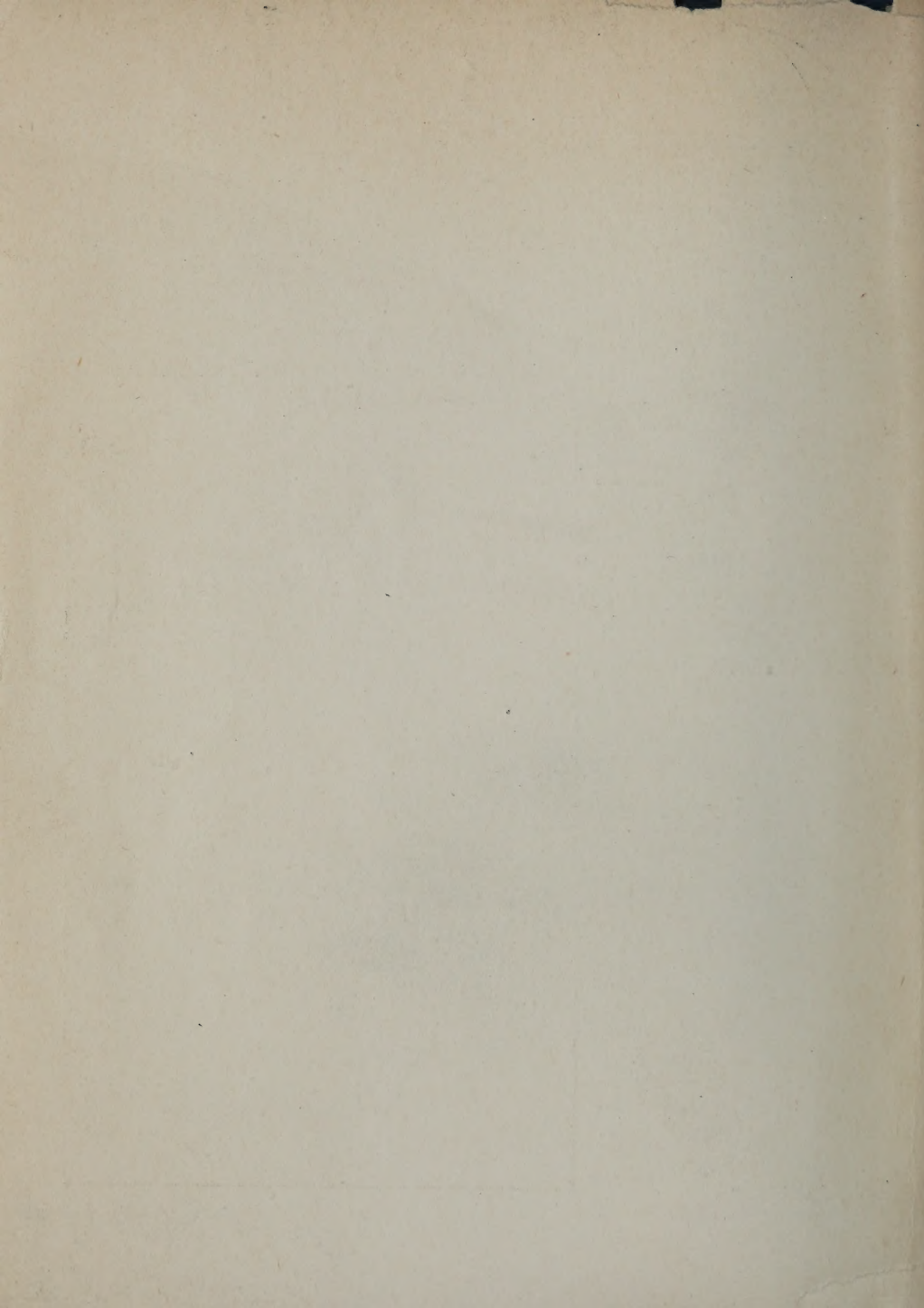
REBBECA NURSE HOUSE

WITCH HOUSE



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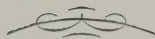
TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

Facts, Theories & Incidents.

WITH A GLANCE AT

OLD · AND · NEW · JERUSALEM

AND ITS HISTORICAL RESOURCES.



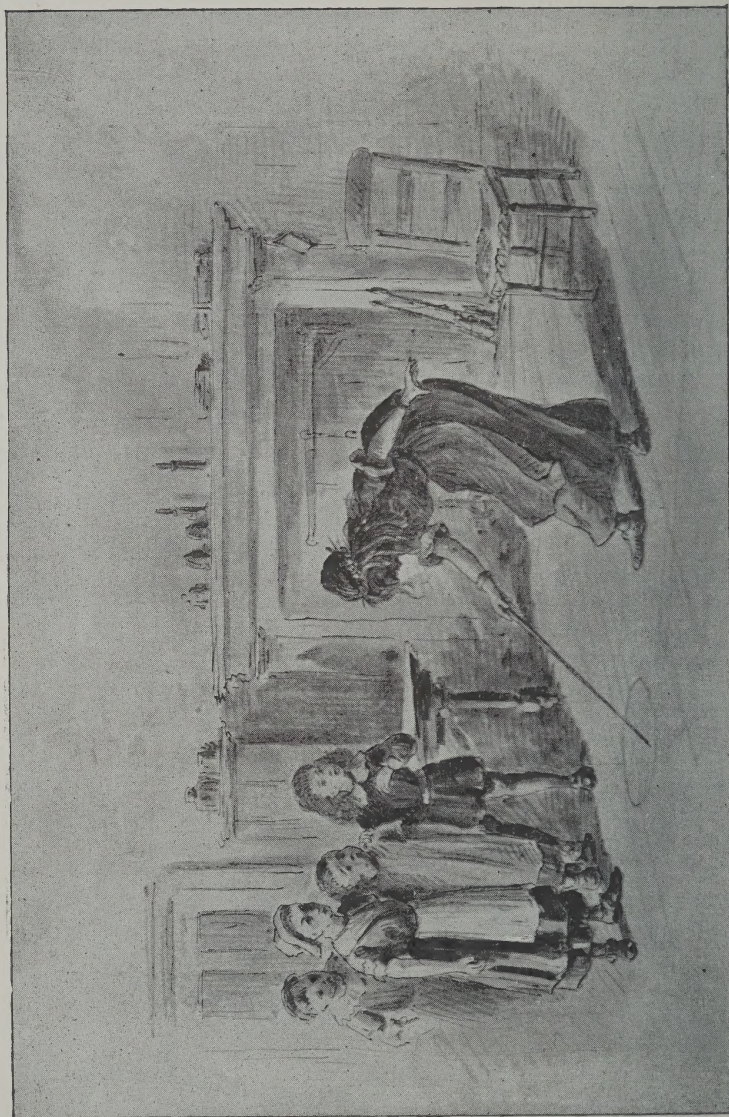
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TITUBA TEACHING THE FIRST ACT OF WITCHCRAFT.

Story of . . .

Salem

Witchcraft

IN the year 1689, there was settled over the church in Salem Village the Rev. Samuel Parris. This church had been divided but seemed ready to unite upon him. It appears that, in settling, he had driven a hard bargain with his people; and, after being duly installed, had continually intrigued for greater power, using every opportunity to show his authority.

He endeavored to get the parsonage property into his own hands but in this he was foiled. Next he tried to array the church against the congregation, but here he failed. Of course under such treatment the church began to cool towards him and his power began to wane.

At a town meeting Oct. 16, 1691, Joseph Parker, Joseph Hutchinson, Joseph Putnam and Daniel Andrews were appointed a committee to consider the controversy.

Mr. Parris knew that these men were largely in sympathy with the parish and could not be driven by him; unless something happened his power would be gone; this something did

happen and gave him for a time a power such as was never wielded before or since by any christian minister in this country.

II.

Just here a glimpse at the condition of the people of Salem Village is necessary. They believed in God; they also believed in a personal devil. They bowed to the one, they defied the other.

All life was a conflict with Satan and to fight him they put on the whole armor of the gospel and met him face to face.

They believed that Satan chose certain men among them as his agents to carry on his work.

They believed that Satan was mustering his forces to get control of this world; and their endeavor constantly was to drive him from the earth.

Witches, ghosts, fairies, gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire were all realities at that time.

III.

It was under this condition of the public mind that in the winter of 1691 and '92 a circle of young girls met at the house of Rev. Mr. Parris for the purpose of practising palmistry and other arts of fortune-telling and of becoming experts in the wonders of necromancy and magic.

Besides the Indian servants of Mr. Parris, John Indian and Tituba there were in this circle, Elizabeth Parris aged nine, Abigail Williams seventeen, niece of Parris and member of his family, Ann Putnam twelve, the character and social position of whose parents made her the worst one of the lot, Mary Walcott

seventeen, Mercy Lewis a servant, Elizabeth Hubbard seventeen, Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon eighteen, Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill twenty, also servants.

Three married women acted with them, Mrs. Ann Putnam; Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Bibber. In the course of the winter they became quite skilful in their arts and attracted a good deal of attention by their actions, so much indeed that the whole neighborhood was filled with the story of the afflicted children.

"At first they made no charges against any person but contented themselves with strange actions, exclamations, and contortions. They would creep into holes and under benches and chairs, make wild and antic gestures and utter incoherent and unintelligible sounds.

"They would have spasms, drop insensible to the floor or writhe in agony, suffering dreadful tortures, and uttering loud and piercing cries."

Dr. Griggs, the village physician, was called in and gave it as his opinion that the children were bewitched. It was quite common in those days to lay what could not be explained to Satan.

The opinion of the Doctor set the whole community in a blaze and the "children" proceeded to fan the flames by acting queerly in public.

One Sunday in church Abigail Williams, when it was time for the sermon, shouted to the minister "Now stand up and name your text!" When the minister did so she impudently remarked, "It's a long text."

In the midst of the sermon Mrs. Pope broke out, "Now there's enough of that." On the afternoon of the same day the minister spoke of the doctrine referred to in the morning when the

same girl rudely said, "I know no doctrine you had. If you did name one I have forgot it."

An aged member was present who had been accused of witchcraft. The girls knew it and spoke aloud, calling her by name, "Look where she sits upon the beam sucking her yellow bird between her fingers."

Another one said, "there is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat as it hangs on a pin in the pulpit." Other interruptions occurred until those near Ann Putnam had to hold her to keep her from breaking up the meeting.

Now, instead of punishing those girls for this as they ought, their parents and friends looked upon them as under a supernatural power.

Of course when members of the minister's family were countenanced in such proceedings it was not strange that people in general yielded to the excitement.

All, however, did not fall in with this element and they were marked.

Meantime excitement ran still higher; families, where these children were, betook themselves to fasting and prayer.

And now Mr. Parris sent for the neighboring ministers to gather at his house and spend the day in prayer over these children, who seized the opportunity to show off before them so skilfully and adroitly, that these godly men solemnly concluded that Satan had commenced his operations with a bolder front than ever.

This was enough to set the people wild. Everywhere the question now was, who had bewitched the children. The time had now come to strike. At first the children would give no



THE HOUSE WHERE WITCHCRAFT STARTED.

names but at last under the continual pressure they cried out one after the other "Good," "Osburn," "Tituba."

Feb. 29, 1692, these persons were arrested and on March 1, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, the two leading magistrates of the neighborhood, entered the village in imposing array escorted by the marshal, constables and their aids with all the trappings of their offices; reined up at Nathaniel Ingersoll's corner and dismounted at the door. The whole population came trooping in and flocked into the church where the trial was held.

First Sarah Good, a poor friendless creature, was examined. She denied everything; but the "children," who were present, by their wild actions and screams, convinced all that she was guilty.

Sarah Osburn was next examined. She was also an unfortunate who had been talked about for other sins. At the time of the trial she was bedridden but in spite of this was dragged into the court.

She, too, denied everything; but again the "children" went off into spasms and this convicted her.

And now poor Tituba, an ignorant Indian full of superstition, was brought to trial and she at last confessed that the devil had asked her to serve him with four other women, and she named, as two of the four, Good and Osburn.

Among other things, she described a ride that they took through the air upon a stick or pole. This was enough and all were convicted and sent to Ipswich jail heavily manacled.

Of course excitement was now at fever heat and the people were ready to believe anything.

The next one accused was Martha Corey, who had not fallen in with the idea that these girls were bewitched and of course

was much blamed by the community on account of her scepticism on the subject.

She also was dragged to the church and convicted and sent to jail.

The next one accused was Rebecca Nurse, one of the most saintly persons in Salem. Her trial attracted a good deal of attention, but in spite of her high standing, she too was condemned.

Next Dorcas Good, a little girl between four and five years old, was brought in and condemned.

There was now no longer any doubt that the devil had effected a lodgment in Salem Village.

Now the time for the Thursday lecture before communion came and Deodat Lawson, a former pastor, came to give it. Mary Walcott went to see him and had a fit in his presence. He had also heard that his first wife and child were killed by the diabolical influence of some of the people now being apprehended.

He spent an evening at the house of Parris and also saw Ann Putnam.

At the time of the lecture the house was packed and Lawson's sermon was exactly calculated to improve the occasion. Even the text was suggestive—Zech. III, 2: "And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee O Satan! Even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

The next Sunday, Mr. Parris followed this sermon with another of the same type. His text was John VI: 70, 71: "Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is



TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS, REPRESENTING THE COURT.
FROM AN OIL PAINTING AT ESSEX INSTITUTE.

a devil? He spoke of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon; for he it was that should betray him, being one of the twelve."

Sarah Cloyse, sister of Rebecca Nurse, was present and when he named his text went out and the wind slammed the door. This was enough to mark her as an instrument of Satan, and a week after she and Elizabeth Proctor were arraigned and this time tried before the deputy, Governor Danforth and his council. When the trial came off Mrs. Proctor's husband appeared in defence of his wife, and he too was accused and convicted.

And so the craze grew and increased, caused wholly by this circle of "afflicted children," and urged and encouraged by this Rev. Mr. Parris, who now wielded a power which the Grand Inquisitor of Spain would have envied.

All ranks of society were affected, business ceased, and for a time men and women lost their reason and good sense in a cyclone of fanaticism, that carried everything before it.

And now in the list of victims we find higher game.

No less a man than the Rev. Geo. Burroughs was dragged into the net. He was accused and convicted of presiding at a witches' communion, held at midnight in the orchard behind Mr. Parris' house.

His trial was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the crazy fanaticism that had for the time swept away the good sense of the community, and now Sir Wm. Phips came to be Governor of the province.

He appointed a special court to try these cases. It was opened June, 1692. An old law of James I was revived to meet the emergency.

The court house, in which the trials were held by this court,

stood in the middle of what is now Washington street near where Lynde and Church streets now enter it, fronting towards Essex street. The only person tried at the first session of the court was Bridget Bishop. As this person under guard passed through the streets to her trial, she went by the church and Cotton Mather says "She gave a look toward the house, and immediately a demon, invisibly entering the meeting house, tore down a part of it; so that, though there was no person seen there, yet the people, hearing the noise and running in, found a board, which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported into another quarter of the house."

This was used as evidence against her at the trial and, with others still more wild and ridiculous, determined the learned judges to condemn her to death.

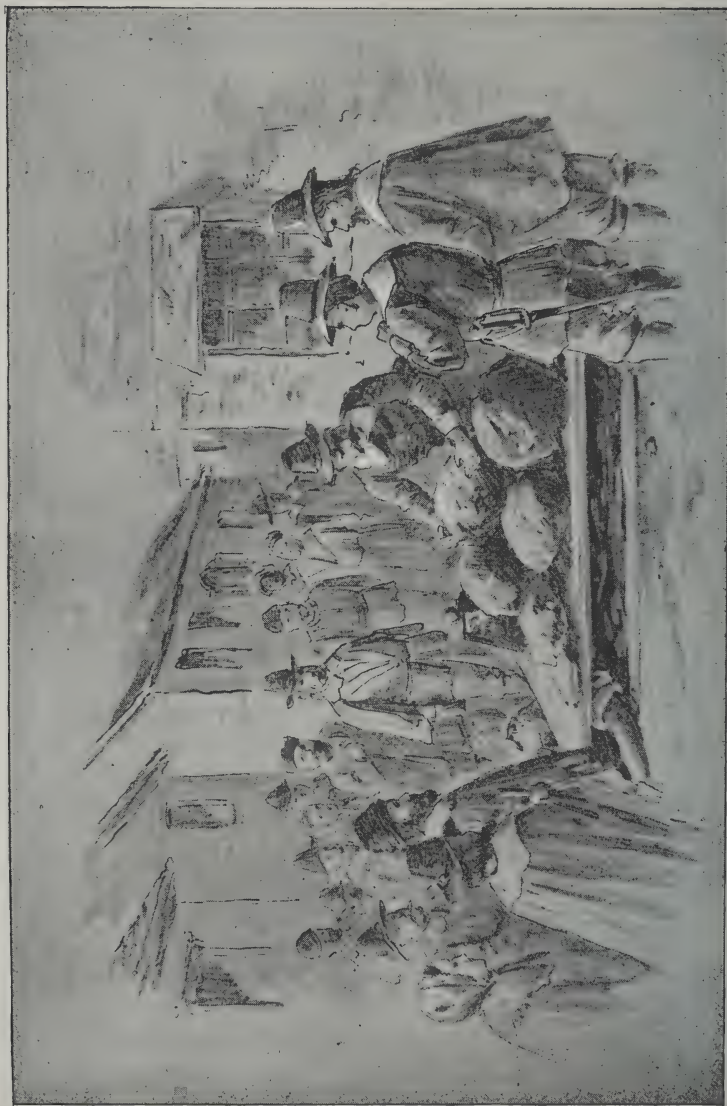
Her case being disposed of, the court took a recess and consulted the ministers of Boston and the neighborhood respecting the prosecutions.

The reverend gentlemen, to a man, urged the most vigorous prosecution of the whole matter, and they prepared to follow out their advice.

Wednesday, June 29, the court met again and after trial sentenced to death Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth How, Susannah Martin and Rebecca Nurse, who were all executed on July 19.

Before her execution Rebecca Nurse was brought into the church of which she had long been a member and thus publicly excommunicated in the presence of a vast throng of people who had gathered to see her.

She was then taken back in chains to the jail from which



GILES COREY'S PUNISHMENT AND AWFUL DEATH.

with the rest she rode in an open cart to "Gallows Hill" where all were hanged; after which their bodies were thrown into holes in the crevices of the rocks and covered hastily and thinly over by the executioners.

If tradition be true, however, her body was rescued by her family, who went to the spot in the dead of night, exhumed the remains and tenderly bore them to her home, from which they were afterwards decently interred in the family burying ground where they rest to-day.

Aug. 5, the court met again and tried Geo. Burroughs, John Proctor and Elizabeth his wife, Geo. Jacobs, Sr.; John Willard and Martha Carrier. All were condemned and, with the exception of Elizabeth Proctor, hanged Aug. 19.

Sept. 9, *Martha Corey*,¹ *Mary Easty*, *Alice Parker*, *Ann Pudeator*, Dorcas Hoar and Mary Bradbury were tried and condemned. Sept. 17, *Margaret Scott*, *Wilmot Reed*, *Samuel Wardwell*, *Mary Parker*, Abigail Faulkner, Rebecca Eames, Mary Lacy, Ann Foster and Abigail Hobbs were also sentenced to death.

It is said that after they had been hanged Rev. Mr. Noyes, pointing to their bodies as they swung in the air, exclaimed: "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" This was the last time that minister ever saw such a sight, for an event had occurred three days before which started a reaction in the public mind.

This was the awful death of Giles Corey. He was a man over eighty years of age, had been carried away by the delusion for a time and his testimony had been used for the conviction

¹ Those, whose names are italicized, were executed Sept. 22.

of his wife who was now under sentence of death. But now seeing the wickedness of the whole proceedings he had not hesitated to confess his error and denounce what had been done. This brought down upon him the wrath of the "afflicted children" and of Mr. Parris, in consequence of which he too was thrown into jail.

When brought into court the old man refused to plead one way or the other but stood dumb before his judges.

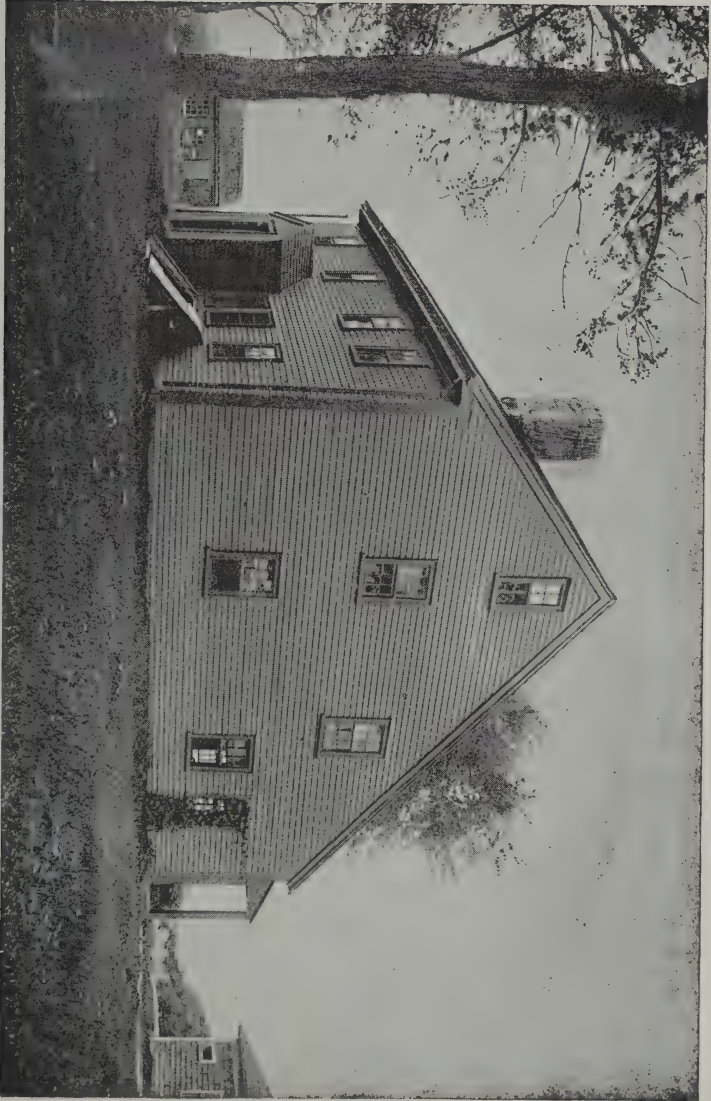
Three times he was brought in, and three times he refused to open his mouth. He was then taken into an open field somewhere between Howard-street burial ground and Brown street, stripped of his clothing, thrown upon his back and heavy weights placed upon his body till he was pressed to death.

This horrible affair produced a deep effect upon the community and before it had died out of the public mind the "afflicted children" made the mistake of striking too high for victims.

Increase Mather, president of Harvard College and father of Cotton Mather, had not scrupled to denounce the delusion and accordingly they accused his wife of being a witch. The wife of Sir Wm. Phips the governor expressed her sympathy with the victims and they also accused her. Jonathan Corwin, one of the magistrates, had not joined very zealously in the prosecutions and condemnations and his mother-in-law was accused.

But what finally broke the spell was their accusation in October of Mrs. Hale, the wife of the minister of the First Church in Beverly.

Mr. Hale had been one of the leaders in the prosecutions up to this time, but when it came home to him his eyes were effectually opened and he stood forth between her and the storm he



REBECCA NURSE HOUSE, DANVERS.

had helped to raise. The whole community became convinced that the "afflicted children" had perjured themselves and from that moment their power was gone; the awful delusion began to pass away and Salem came to its senses again.

The reader will perhaps be interested to know what became of the Rev. Samuel Parris who, more than anyone else, was the cause of this unfortunate craze.

In April, 1693, his church brought charges against him for connection with the witchcraft delusion. He confessed his error at last and in 1696 was dismissed from the church.

After this he preached two or three years in the town of Stowe, from which place he removed to Concord. It is not known how long he lived here, but the record says he preached six months in Dunstable in 1711, and then removed to Sudbury where he died in 1720.

WITCHCRAFT IN MAINE.

WE do not discover that there were very serious results arising from the belief in witchcraft in Maine, but that the good people of the Pine Tree state did believe in witches, wizards and all sorts of hobgoblins the writer can testify, even as late as the present century. One story may serve to illustrate the facts.

In the romantic and beautiful town of Wells, there lived an old woman suspected and despised by her neighbors as a witch. It was to this town, fronting the sea, with fertile farms and vast wooded districts rolling inland, Burroughs retired, hoping here to escape the fury and fanaticism of the Parris faction at Salem; but here came the magistrates and the parson to summons him to trial, and near the spot, since called "Witch Trot," where in storm and darkness and through the unbroken wilderness he led the way to his doom, more than a hundred years later lived old Nabbie, the witch of Wells.

The favorite shape old Nabbie assumed was that of a black hog. My grandmother who was a native of the town, told me she and her young sisters on one occasion saw the black hog enter Nabbie's door and that there was no doubt in the minds of any at that time it was the spirit of the evil woman.

Nabbie, in the days when a sour visage, a red petticoat and a black cat were sufficient to ruin the character of a Christian,

added to these ungodly qualities the offence of living alone in a small black house, untidily kept, and the habit of steeping herbs. One or two circumstances are sufficient to illustrate the faith of the people in her miraculous powers.

On one occasion she got into a neighbor's cream, so that the goodwife churned and churned, nearly all day, but the butter would not come; finally it came into her mind that Nabbie was in the churn bewitching the butter. For a hundredth time that day, she pulled up the long dasher with the round cover, peering curiously and angrily into the round well of white froth, nothing more,—not a single speck of the yellow butter that should have been there was visible. Surely this was the work of the devil, and with savage yet solemn determination to be even with her tormentors, she seized the churn in her stout arms and pitched its contents into the fire. She waited, surely expecting to see old Nabbie rise from the flames, or to hear the groans and cries of the expiring witch; but, when nothing unusual occurred, she determined to test the verity of her suspicions. She wound a warm shawl about her head and shoulders and started for Nabbie's house, some quarter of a mile distant.

Invincible as he who would discover a new continent, her mind full of the imaginary terrors of magic and diabolism, she hurried across the crisp fields of snow in the early winter twilight.

Arriving at Nabbie's shabby dwelling, with wildly throbbing heart, she sounded a summons upon the creaky weather-stained door. There was no response. A second time, gaining courage with every breath, she rapped more boldly. "Who's there?" snarled a voice from within. "It is I," said the neighbor, naming herself. "Then come along in, can't ye?" Without knowing

whether she should leave the house of the ungracious witch alive or not, she entered. The ashes of a dead fire were strewn upon the hearth, a litter of rags and filth made gruesome shadows in the darkness; the room was empty. The door of the bedroom stood ajar and from within came Nabbie's querulous tones. "What are ye here for anyway? nobody sent for ye as I know of."

"Nabbie, I came to borrow a pat of butter if you could spare it."

"Go home lazy huzzy and churn it."

"I have churned all day Nabbie, and the cream would'nt butter; at last, in anger, I threw it into the fire."

"Threw it into the fire, did ye?" shrieked the old woman in a tone so terrible that she moved backward toward the door. "Then you can't have any butter here for I fell into the fire and burned myself to-day, till I am like to die." Compassion mingling with her fear, the good woman now offered her services to alleviate the old witch's distress, when there was a stir in the inner apartment and old Nabbie darted forth, swathed from head to foot in red flannel, smelling so strong of brimstone as to suffocate her. Before her stood the black cat with tail and back bristling and eyes blazing like coals of fire in the darkness. With a shriek the good woman fled, nor paused until she was safe locked from the sight of witch or devil within her own door.

Notwithstanding this and many other such tales, Nabbie so far survived her evil reputation as to die a peaceful death and receive Christian burial from the hands of her neighbors.

One of the most remarkable stories comes from England and runs as follows :

WITCHCRAFT IN LANCASHIRE.

DURING the reign of James and his successors, the long parliament and the usurpation of Cromwell, there was no abatement in the persecution of witches. James, who was born, nursed, and cradled in fear and superstition, was a weak-minded monarch of mean spirit and of but average intelligence. He was a poor scion of the haughty, dauntless, but impolitic race of Stewarts from which he sprang. He revived the spirit of persecution so that thousands suffered death during his terrible reign. The records of the witch persecutions in England alone establish the fact that those who suffered at Salem were comparatively few : that it was neither the number, nor manner of punishment that has given such vivid immortality to these events, but rather the fact that here in New England were enacted the death struggles of an expiring belief.

Beard compares our ancestors to the vultures that follow and feed on the floating refuse of the ship ; so he declares America has followed and fed on the forgotten philosophies and cast-off cruelties of Europe : there where the storm raged for ages with rivers of human blood, here was but a rivulet made by the thin cloud of the flying tempest.

"Everyone," says MacKay, "has heard of the witches of Lancashire, a term now applied to ladies of that locality in compliment to their beauty, but few have heard the origin of the expression." A poor boy, by the name of Robinson, whose father was a woodman in Pendle Forest, Lancashire, spread abroad the

rumor that an old woman by the name of Dickenson, commonly called mother Dickenson, was a witch. He said while gathering plums he espied two hounds that he supposed were the property of some gentleman in the neighborhood ; but, as they were alone and being fond of a course, he started a hare and endeavored to incite the hounds to follow. Not obeying, he attempted to switch them, when one started up in the form of mother Dickenson and the other became a small boy. Mother Dickenson now implored him not to betray her secret, at the same time endeavoring to persuade him to give himself to the service of Satan, offering him gold and many other temptations, but he withstood and defied the witch when, becoming angry, she plucked a bridle from her pocket and shaking it over the head of the small boy transformed him into a horse. Seizing Robinson she placed him before her. Away they went in a mad gallop through the air over woodland and plain, hill and river, to some distant spot in the midst of which was a large barn. He was dragged into this place where there were seven other hags pulling upon halters that hung from the roof. Down came pieces of cooked meat, porringers of milk, butter, bread, pudding, and all that a rustic fancy might produce for a feast. When the supper was ready, other witches came to partake of it.

The boy was taken before a justice where he swore to the truth of this tale, in company with his father who had discovered, it is quite probable, that witch hunting was a profitable business, as he had been engaged in it some years before.

From the justice he was sent with a proper escort to search the churches for witches. "This boy," says Webster, "was brought into the church of Kildwick, a parish church, where

I, being curate there, was preaching at the time, to look about him, which made some little disturbance at the time." After prayers, Webster approached the boy attempting to question him, but was denied the privilege by the persons accompanying him.

"I did desire some discourse with the boy in private, but that they utterly denied. I took the boy near me and said, 'Good boy, tell me truly, and in earnest, did'st thou see and hear such strange things of the motion of the witches as many do report that thou dost relate, or did some person teach it to thee?' But the two men did pluck the boy from me, and said he had been examined by the justice who asked no such questions." Many years after the young man confessed that he had been instructed to tell this tale for which mother Dickenson and many more suffered. This occurred in the year 1613.

WITCHCRAFT IN SWEDEN.

IT having been reported to the king of Sweden that the little village of Mohra was exceedingly troubled with witches he appointed a commission of clergy and laymen to trace the rumor to its source. The commission arrived Aug. 12, 1669, to the great joy of the people. On the following day, the entire populace was assembled in church and a sermon preached on the miserable condition of those who suffered themselves to be deluded by the devil. A fervent prayer was offered that God would remove the scourge from among them, after which they adjourned to the rector's house filling the street before it. The king's commission was read charging each to tell all they knew concerning the witches among them. The occasion was rendered so solemn and impressive that men, women and children wept while they promised to tell all they knew. The following day they were again assembled and many depositions were taken. The result of this investigation was that seventy persons were executed.

It was a singular feature of these extraordinary delusions, that so many condemned themselves. Beard attributes the entire cause to trance, hysteria, muscle reading, insanity, in involuntary life the interaction of mind and body, and allied nervous phenomena. In the case of accusation when the party was not self accused, it could be easily explained on the ground of personal jealousy and hatred. Two people or families quarrelled, a bitter enmity grew up between them, one was revengeful enough to accuse the other of witchcraft and there was an end of it between

the magistrates and the grave. One evident cause of confession was the fear of torture or the pain of the rack. This must have been especially true in the cases of children and weak-minded persons. It made little difference whether they confessed or not, since few accused escaped death. In the drowning test, if they sank, they escaped burning and left an honorable name; but if the bag, in which they were sewed, chanced to float, then they were either hanged or burned. A few intrepid spirits defied accusation to death, but oftener the victims covered themselves with the ignominy of self-accusation, driven to it by fear, torture, insanity or some strange phenomenal cause not understood. Such was the case with these seventy, many of them children, at Mohra. They confessed that they all went to a gravel pit that lay near a crossway, that they put a vest on their heads and danced round and round and *round* about. Then they called three times upon the devil, the first time in a small still voice, the second time somewhat louder, the third very loudly with these words "Antecessor, come and carry us to Blockula." This invocation never failed to bring him. He generally appeared as a little old man with grey coat and red and blue stockings. He wore a tall hat wound round with linen cloth and wore a red beard that reached nearly to his knees. The first question he put to them was, would they serve him soul and body. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave them a horn, in which the scrapings and filings from altars and church clocks were mixed with a salve with which they anointed themselves. This being done, goats, asses, horses, pigs and horned toads were conjured up for their use, and away they sailed under the moon like a troop of black bats for the wonderland of Satan and his

servant, Blockula. Blockula was minutely described as an endless meadow in the midst of which was a spacious and grand house, where the prince of darkness entertained his guests with royal magnificence. Sumptuous feasts, wild orgies, bacchanalian songs and downy beds of milky whiteness, were the award of merit the devil gave the witches. They might sleep at Blockula all night, but if they did not perform during the day the office of tormenting their mortal kind, of seducing souls from the worship of God and the love of truth, or bringing children from their beds to visit Blockula (for Satan in those days especially desired the company of children), his Satanic majesty assumed the role of grand inquisitor, when, with thorned whips, he beat the delinquents in his service every night before tea. Novices were also looked up and branded that none might go astray from the precious fold. When the official business was over, he often grew merry and obligingly fiddled for them to dance. Men, women and children told this story, says MacKay, and in consequence suffered death.

JOHN HUMBLE'S RIDE AND THE WITCHES' SABBATH.

Somewhere in the annals of witchcraft an amusing incident is related of a poor peasant whose lord was supposed to have dealings with the devil, to whom it was averred he owed much of his magnificence.

Now John Humble had heard wonderful stories of Blockula, of the feast and merrymaking there, of the ride on the broomstick, and that Satan, however black he was painted, was not withal an uncomfortable master, hence his horror of evil was subordinate to his curiosity, his avarice and love of pleasure.

He determined after much consideration to watch his master, who was said to make nightly visits to the famous retreat of witches and wizards. Accordingly, under the midnight moon, he discovered the lord of the manor stealing toward the forest and secretly followed him. In the edge of the wood the master paused under the shadow of a great rock ; and, conveniently near to hear and see all that transpired, the servant concealed himself in the bushes. Three times his master smote the rock crying

“Antecessor, Antecessor, over the fire,
Over the bush and over the brier
Carry me.”

Then taking up a stone he spat upon it, rubbing it over his head, whereupon he rose without visible force and sailed up and away astride a hemlock broom. Stumbling, John Humble rushed to the spot his master had vacated, and, smiting the rock and spitting on the stone which, in his haste, he rubbed not upon his head but the seat of his pants, he cried—

“Antecessor, through the fire,
Through the bush and through the brier
Carry me.”

Straightway an ugly imp appeared, thrusting a crooked stick between his legs that switched the unhappy man, through the bush and through the brier, until he was torn and bleeding at every vein.

Gladly would he now have relinquished his project, but an invisible power bound and controlled him. Faster and faster he flew through the dismal woods, dashed against every obstacle that interposed in his course, until he felt every bone in his body

was broken ; still away he flew, like Mazeppa on his wild charger, over great tracts of desolate country where there was no sign of human habitation, until, in the world, he believed he was being borne on his last journey out of the world. Bitterly he regretted his unholy curiosity, and, most thoroughly frightened by the awful dilemma in which Satan had placed him, he called upon God to relieve him. Instantly the holy name passed his lips, Satan appeared with angry visage, hit him a blow across the back, that landed him in an insensible condition in his own bed. There he lay bruised and torn many days after this exploit, but never again ventured to penetrate infernal mysteries.

The witches and wizards were supposed to hold a sabbath as a sort of examination day. The black book of Satan was presented them on this occasion and they also received with some general instructions small images of persons to be tormented. These effigies were generally stuffed with hair, and, by pinching and pounding them, the persons however distant would receive similar impressions. Poison could be administered to these insensible representatives and the individual would sicken and die. Satan on these occasions generally assumed the favorite form of a large male goat with two faces, one between his fore shoulders, and one behind upon his haunches. It was the duty of the witches to conclude all official ceremonies by kissing the face behind. Private marks were bestowed such as warts, moles or callous flesh, such as may often be found on the bodies of aged persons, and for these signs professional prickers sought, probing them with long pins.¹ At one time Satan falling from his throne

¹ A photograph of the witch pins, actually used in the Salem trials, may be obtained at Mr. Frank Cousins', Essex street, Salem, Mass.

feigned death, to learn if his people would lament for him. The witches set up a great cry each weeping three tears which gratified him so exceedingly he sprang up and embraced them. There was on those impious sabbaths the usual amount of fiddling, feasting and dancing that was ever supposed to attend the orgies of Satan.

As late as 1682 Susanna Edwards, Mary Trembles and Temperance Loyed were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft. This is supposed to be the last execution in England under judicial authority.

But as the upper strata of society became purified of the foul miasma of superstition and cruelty, the prejudice and passion of the ignorant masses that believed all the most fabulous horror of demonology were accordingly excited, and expressions of indignation, in afflicted communities, were freely indulged in against those who administered the laws and the unfortunates they now began mercifully to protect. They attempted on several occasions to take the law in their own hands and mete out, according to their ideas, justice or punishment to the supposed offenders. A case in point was that of an old woman, who, being suspected of witchcraft, to appease the wrath or win the good will of her neighbors, offered to undergo the ducking experiment to prove her innocence. She was taken to the bank of a small stream, her cap torn from her head, her thumbs and toes tied together, a long rope tied about her middle and she was cast into the river. Unfortunately, her head remained out of water. She was dragged out, and, while lying half dead upon the bank, most brutally treated. One of the bystanders attempt-

ing to defend her was insulted and hooted. It was then proposed, by some shrewd sympathizer, that she be weighed with the church bible, saying that surely the word of God would outweigh all the artifices of the devil. The character of the people may be determined by the fact that they accepted this reasoning and she was actually put into the scales with a bible weighing twelve pounds. The balance fell so decidedly in her favor they were obliged to acquit her, although it was grudgingly done.

A man by the name of Hopkins gained such notoriety in discovering witches in England that he was called the witch-finder-general. From county to county he travelled, exercising his dreadful functions under the protection and patronage of the law. His trade was profitable and he applied it with vigor, using all the various methods to extract confessions, such as ducking, swimming, starving, the rack, and waking. This last was a most cruel torture ; the heads of the victims being placed in an arrangement of iron hoops, they were fastened to the wall so as to oblige them to stand at their extreme height, a position that was easily fatiguing. A hoop passing beneath the chin was hooked at the top of the head and the mouth was kept open with props. They were given neither food nor water, nor were they allowed to show any signs of weariness. Did their head incline ever so slightly or their eyes close an instant, they were probed with long pins, until nature could endure no more agony and they either confessed all that a fanatical or malignant spirit might suggest, or they fainted or died from horror or fatigue. In 1647, Hopkins perceiving that the law and the tide of public opinion were setting against him abated somewhat the cruelties he had for-

merly practised. But it was necessary that witches be found or his calling perished. A miserable old woman residing near Hoxne fell into his hands, and, being waked, she confessed the usual enormities, declaring the name of her imp was Nan. A gentleman in the neighborhood was so indignant at these proceedings that he went to the house and forcibly took the victim from her tormentor. After administering the necessary comforts of life, food, fire and rest, he questioned her regarding her alleged confession. The woman, who had been tortured and terrified out of her wits, could remember nothing she had said, except that she had a favorite pullet she had called Nan.

These transactions on the part of Hopkins, when a more rational spirit had begun to prevail, determined the people to put him to his own tests. Accordingly they accused him of being in league with the devil, seized, tied him up and threw him in the river, where despite his protests and entreaties he was allowed to perish.

The question may arise, Whence came this belief in demonology and witchcraft, and how did it gain such ascendancy in the minds of men, so that the great and gifted, as well as the ignorant and low, were involved in its dilemma? Without discussing the intuitions of mankind that recognize in the spark of divinity within them the essence of immortality, and the belief that the higher entity of spirit when dismissed from its mortal state yet moves among, intelligently manifests itself to, and influences the actions of men, we will consider, if you please, the less abstract causes as existing in the conditions of society.

These causes were various and complex. They rose first in the political hemisphere where party animosity, national jealousies,

and hatred, assumed this wicked policy in dealing with prisoners of such illustrious name or birth; no other charge could be preferred and supported that would criminate them. This was the position of the Maid of Orleans. The Duke of Bedford sought to change the fickle fancy of the French by debasing her character and to destroy all sympathy by laying to her the monstrous charge of witchcraft, or dealing with unholy powers to accomplish her purpose.

To the same cause may be attributed the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was accused of witchcraft and banished to the Isle of Man, while her accomplices died in prison. The open charge was witchcraft, the real issue was political, growing out of the hatred between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, his half brother. The same pretext was used by the ugly hunchback king Richard III, in accusing Jane Shore, the Queen dowager, and the Queen's kinsmen, and was further directed by that villainous prince against Morton, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, with other adherents of the Earl of Richmond. The object of these charges was, that while the belief in demonology was taught and supported by the church of Rome, they were more easily made and with great difficulty eluded.

In 1398, the University of Paris, in laying down rules for judicial prosecution of witches, expressed their regret that the crime of witchcraft was increasing. The more severe the inquiry and the punishment by which the judges endeavored to check the unholy practice, the more general it became, as is always the case with those morbid affections of the mind that depend on the imagination, being sure to be more common in

proportion as public attention is directed to stories connected with their display.

The schisms arising from different causes greatly alarmed the church of Rome. The universal spirit of inquiry that was now afloat, the questions in men's minds, awakening to a higher degree of intelligence, demanding greater liberty, had in almost every quarter stirred up a spirit of dissatisfaction with the church dogmas. The age heralded a new birth of ideas, and as all transition states are painful, in struggling to the light man turned against man and crushed him. Church and State rocked and reeled in the tempest of revolution; the mad fever of religious and political faction boiled in men's blood, overthrew their reason and destroyed the universal peace.

In almost every nation of Europe, there grew in the cities as well as in the isolated towns a spirit of dissent against the church of Rome, hurrying to irruption the unmistakable elements of open war between the clergy and the people. The Romanists with a fine stroke of church policy combined the accusation of witchcraft with heresy, which according to their account abounded especially where the Protestants were most numerous. The Protestants with equal fury and fanaticism retaliated, and thus between priestcraft and statecraft the people were sacrificed and the belief in witchcraft and demonology became a general terror.

About 1648, the law of James I, for the punishment of witches, was examined and repealed.

Perishing in the old world, the delusion dragged itself to the New England shores, and, for a period, here reared its hydra head.

The case of Mercy Short and Margaret Rule, of Boston, was

given great prominence by the high position and the writings of both Calef and Cotton Mather. Margaret Rule was seized by an invisible power and prostrated so that for many days she was unable to take either food or drink, excepting a few mouthfuls of rum. This led some late writers to decide that the remarkable experience through which this young girl passed was only an aggravated case of *delirium-tremens*; but, as both Calef and Mather testify to the contrary, the testimony of the living witness should be more accredited than that of the writers two centuries later.

She saw spirits in great numbers both good and evil; she was tormented or comforted by them and once she was raised several feet from the bed where she lay suspended to the great consternation of all who beheld her. She foretold events, such as the intention on a certain night of a young man to escape from a certain ship in the harbor, and that in attempting to swim ashore an evil spirit sought to drown him but his good angel prevailed and he was rescued by a passing boatman. Calef, noting the hour of this prediction, takes great pains to ascertain the fact and discovers that the event transpired exactly as foretold. In all his investigations he writes with the clear candid spirit of the philosopher seeking for a higher knowledge of the truth; but Mather, with more impassioned speech and narrower comprehension, rushes upon the mystery in a flame of conviction and recklessly scatters the fire brands of hell about him.

Upham says in reference to these times "that great ignorance prevailed in reference to the influence of mind and body upon each other, while imagination was called into more extensive

and energetic action than at any preceding period, its properties and laws were little understood."

Trance, or hypnotism, hysteria, muscle reading, the reciprocal influence of the nerves and fancy in involuntary life, the interaction of mind and body, insanity and all the allied nervous phenomena were unravelled mysteries and their manifold manifestations were regarded in horror and consternation as the direct works of the spirit of all evil. Inherited beliefs, transmitted traditions and superstitions, the example of kings and princes and the weight of judicial authority in the old world, prejudice, passion and ignorance, complete the chapter of causes, I think, that led to such dire results. Is it a matter of such great wonder, then, that in dealing with this mixed problem our forefathers should err in their calculation, that the subjective, that within the brain of the witness, was mistaken for the objective, that outside the brain of the witness? "The human brain is as full of spectres as the sky is full of stars, and disease of the brain brings these spectres into view as the darkness of night brings out the stars invisible by day. When we are awake and well, we do not see these spectres, as we do not see the stars by day on account of the strong light of the sun. When we are sick in mind or asleep, or when we but close our eyes, these spectres in infinite combinations appear in view like the myriads of stars of the firmament." Our forefathers were not philosophers: bold to deal with the purely material conditions of life, they fled from the force of ideas, they trembled in the face of mystery. The prayer of the puritan mother was that her child should not learn to think. "We are to learn, and are learning now, that what we call mind as well as what we call matter is a part of nature, and

subject to nature's sovereignty, that psychology although the youngest of the sciences is as truly a science as astronomy ; that it is indeed the scientia scientiarum before which all other sciences are to bow and veil their faces, that laws reign in the throbb of passion as in the rush of planets, and that the atoms of the cells within the brain are numbered."

O Thou! whose vast creations are
As countless as the grains of sand,
Who keepest all thy creatures still,
As in the hollow of thy hand,

So not a link the circle round,
In being's complex, endless chain,
That lives thy purpose to fulfil
Shall perish or have lived in vain,

Help us to know thee as thou art,
The truly merciful and good,
So visible in all thy works
And yet so little understood.

Nor bind thy love to iron creeds,
In some extremely narrow heaven,
There measuring by a selfish heart,
How much in mercy is forgiven.

Too much presumed as God is man,
Reflections of his love and hate,
We comprehend thee through the plan
Of this our most imperfect state.

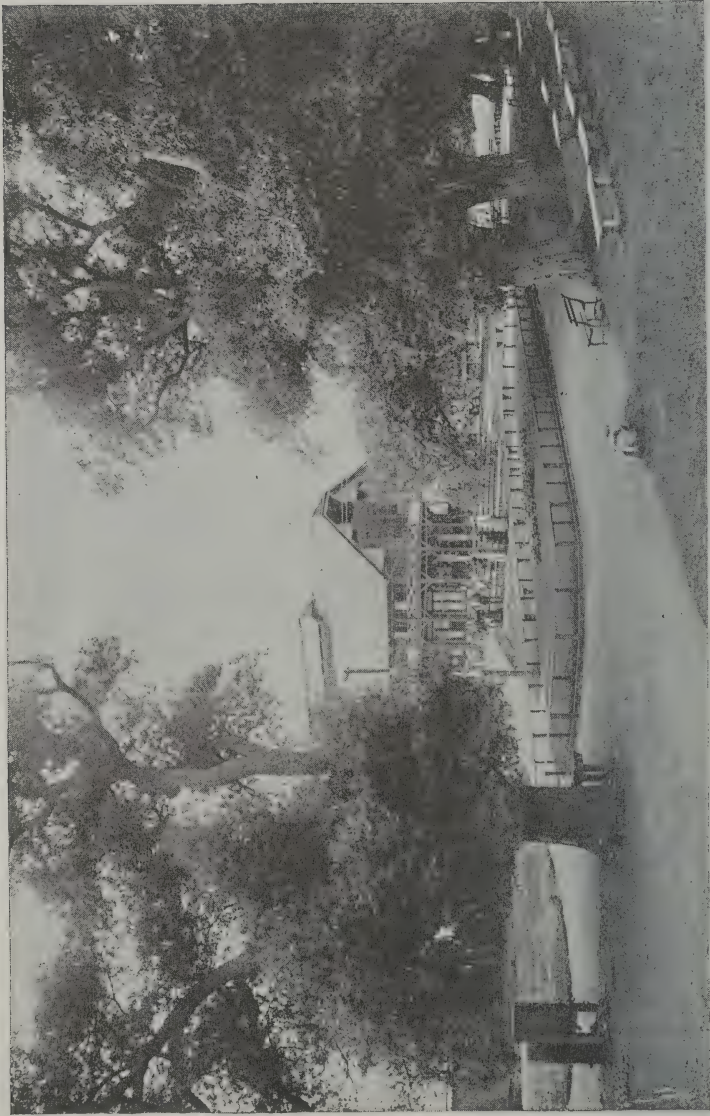
We walk half blinded on our way
To purposes of good or ill,
Or beat with hands of crumbling clay
Against an adamantine will.

O human soul! though driven down,
Through narrow straits of great distress,
Heaven is above, though hell surround,
To help, to comfort or to bless.

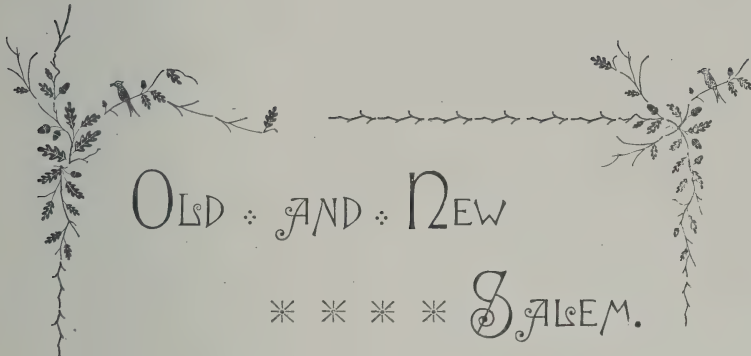
Who guides the sparrow's aimless flight,
Who is the soul of bird and bee,
Will not desert thee in the night
Upon a tempest-riven sea.

Dear heart! that grasps but human life,
By passion and by pain refined,
We climb through many ways of change,
Toward the great eternal mind.

Help us to know thee as thou art,
The truly merciful and good,
So visible in all thy works,
And yet so little understood.



PAVILION AT THE WILLOWS.



OLD : AND : NEW
* * * * * SALEM.

We climb by darkened ways of life
To heights but little understood,
Thus blindly filling God's great plan
Of universal good.

ONE of the most notable characteristics of human nature is a love of history, the desire to acquaint itself with that of nations or individuals and to perpetuate its own; to reflect upon the conditions of society, the opinions of men, the formation of character, the wise or unwise policy of government, and the progress of art, science and literature; thus, by an accumulation of experience to extract a philosophy from the past to serve the present and future interests of the world.

In the events that led to the founding and building of the New England colonies every town has furnished its quota of interest, but, from the landing of the pilgrims to the last great

struggle for liberty a no more interesting people present themselves for the historian's consideration than those of Salem.

They were stern Puritans, abandoning the more genial influences of their native land for liberty and a new country, over which stretched an unbroken wilderness and in which lurked the hidden foe.

They were brave, intrepid men and women, contending step by step with the visible and invisible powers of darkness for the victory of a higher civilization and the results of to-day.

Upon entering this city with its old-time air and habiliment, we do not feel so entirely separated from our grim ancestors, since a spirit of the past seems to brood in the very air.

This was the home of the Endicotts; here a Lathrop came to plant the family tree in the New England soil, and to sanctify it with his gentle blood; a Cheever to mingle his learning with the awful superstition of the age; a Higginson not only to direct the spiritual interests of the community but to transmit with his pen the history of an eye-witness to the earliest proceedings in the first settlement of New England. Upon this soil were born the brave Davenport and Gardiner, who were first to respond to the call for a thousand men at the time of Philip's war in 1675.

Who that has read it can forget the account of the march of those cold tired men in the early winter, over a rough unsettled country, where the Indians in superior numbers were devastating all by fire and murder? Philip had concentrated his forces in Narragansett county, in the southwesterly part of Rhode Island, where it was well known that he was training them and gathering strength and supplies for decisive action in the spring. A

thousand men had been raised to defend the colonies: Massachusetts furnishing 527, Connecticut, 158, and Plymouth, 315. Among these, two companies were raised in Salem, one in Lynn and one in Marblehead.

After a cold, hard march, the troops anticipated rest and refreshment at a block house fifteen miles from the place where the enemy lay entrenched upon high ground, surrounded by a swamp; but upon arrival they found the place burned and a company of seventeen persons murdered.

These boys from the forest, hillside and farms, were accustomed to the rough breath of the northern winter, but at home the larder was filled with the plenteous, if homely, fare of the farmer, and now they were half famished. Governor Winslow, who commanded the troops, knew that the strength of his forces was in that hour, before cold and hunger had overpowered them. He could not call a halt in the midst of the desolation of the winter noon. No! there was nothing for the starving, freezing men of that day but to go forward to meet death and the enemy. This event has passed into history as the "hungry march."

As they approached the Indian forces, their flank and rear were harrassed by scouts and sharp-shooters who picked off the men with unerring aim.

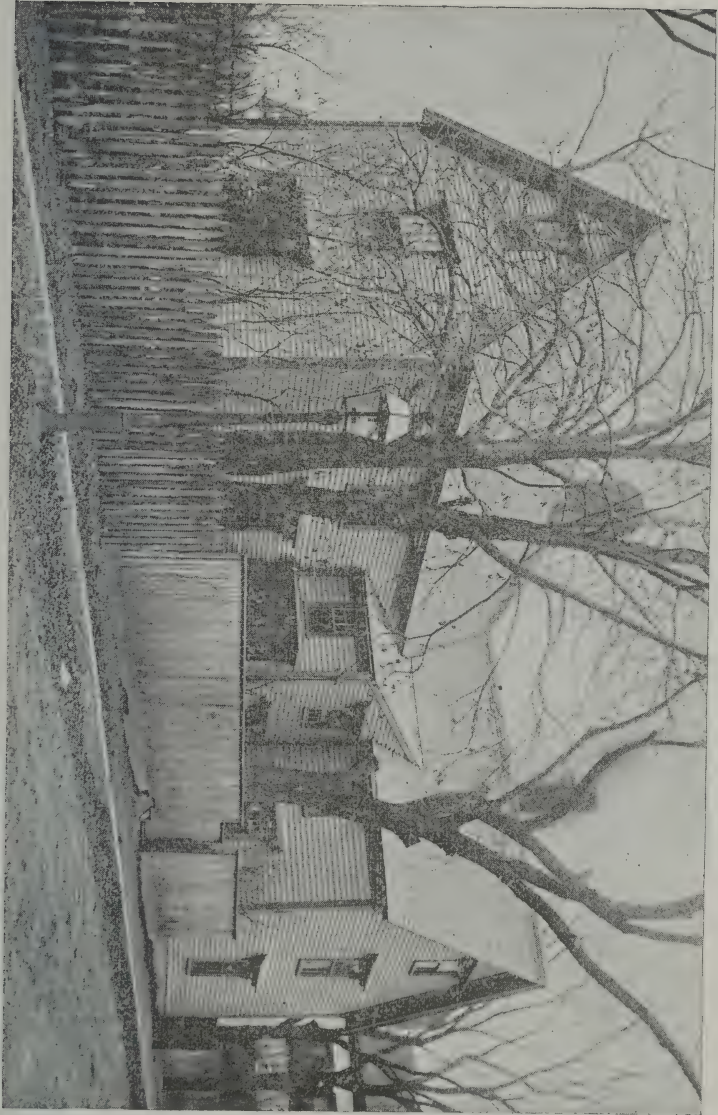
It was the 19th of Dec., 1675, about half-past three in the afternoon when the first grey gloom of the early winter twilight was falling, that they sighted the enemy so advantageously situated.

A strong, impenetrable palisade surrounded the camp with but one visible entrance—that only reached across a brook over a fallen log encrusted with ice, and protected by a block house, filled with sharp-shooters. Governor Winslow, who realized at

a glance the desperate situation, ordered an immediate attack. The Salem companies were in advance, but no man shrank from duty, for in their valor, their courage to do and to die, lay the fate of the colonies. The long column, closed up, rushed as with a single impulse through the narrow pass. The heaped slain, the hot bullets and the red rain did not daunt them. Like those at Thermopylæ they went into the narrow pass and struggled up the heights to die, but they routed the enemy and broke the back-bone of the great Indian rebellion. But when the day's dreadful deed of slaughter was ended, and the few whom doom and death had spared came slowly back again, "of the dead that were left behind" were Captains Gardiner and Davenport, Salem boys who fell early in the battle. Thus from this town, the forefathers and defenders of this old city of Salem, came at their country's call, "sages in council and heroes in war." The Winthrops, the Bishops, the Downings, the Hathornes, the Putnams, the Ingersols, the Cheevers, the Nurses, the Curwins, the Hutchinsons, the Herricks, the Conants, the Raymonds, the Parrises, — all pass before us like shadows of a dream in their peaceful or tragic history.

The exact date of the earliest settlement made in Salem is involved in some uncertainty but is supposed to be about 1626. When Conant, abandoning the fisheries at Cape Ann, sought this place then occupied by a remnant of the tribe of Naumkeag Indians, writing to England, he calls the place Naumkeag, and gives such reports as to induce the London Land Company to organize a colony under the governorship of Endecott, who arrived at Naumkeag in 1628. Here their new occupancy was christened Salem,— place of peace.

We have the account of John Higginson who came over with



HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

the Endecott colony regarding the early settlement and lawful possession of this place, writing as follows :

“To y^e best of my remembrance when I came over with my father I was thirteen years old. There was in these parts a widow woman called Squaw Sachem who had three sons Sagamore John, kept at Mystick, Sagamore James at Saugust, and Sagamore George’s here at Naumkeke, whether he was actual Sachem here, I cannot say for he was young then about my own age, and I think there was an elder man y^t was his guardian. But y^e Indian town of wigwams was on y^e north side of y^e North river, not far from Simondes, and yⁿ both y^e North, and South side of that river was called Naumkeke.”

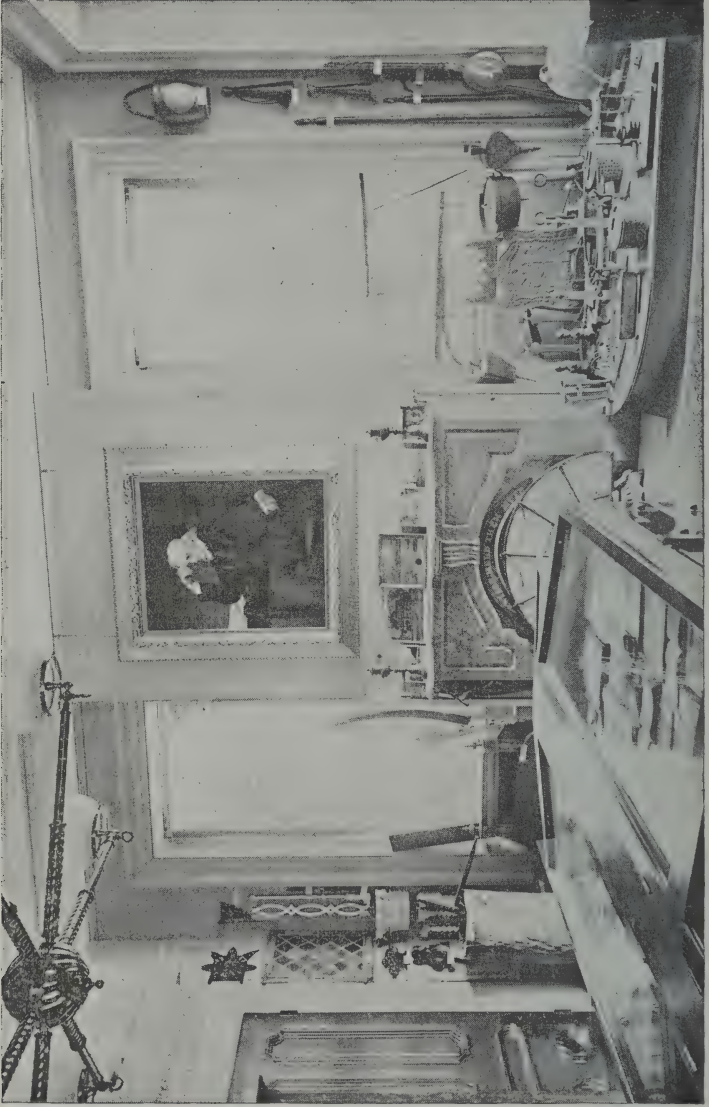
This tribe had been so reduced by wars and pestilence that Higginson, explaining further, says : “For their govoners they have kings which they call Sagamores. The greater Sagamores about us cannot number more than 300 men, and the lesser 15 subjects, some even having only two.”

They had more land than they could possibly use and were happy to make conditions with the white strangers for the sale of it. They regarded them further as allies and friends against a hostile foe ; in this consideration they were anxious that they should settle among them. Our forefathers fearing, however, the unscrupulous policy of James II, obtained a quitclaim deed of the land possessed by them from the Indians. This deed was acknowledged in 1686.

It is well for the early settlers of New England that they had such exalted and measureless faith in the supernatural and that their desires went out to the invisible, for the material comforts with which they were surrounded were meagre, and insufficient often to meet the requirements of animal necessity.

Looking backward we see only the privations and hardships of our forefathers, forgetting the light from beyond that illumined their faith, and raised the spirit of their action to such an altitude as even to glorify error.

We find such passages as these in the old colonial records regarding the most condemnable action: "They punished not in passion, but in justice and the fear of God." In this spirit the Quakers were whipped naked, even in the streets and subjected to every manner of persecution that human superstition and intolerance could justify in that bigoted age. But this meek sect, by much unseemly and exasperating conduct, were not wholly guiltless in their provocation of wrath. We read of one Dyre, defying the congregation by coming into the meeting and disturbing the peace of holy worship by breaking bottles and calling to him who taught, the meek yet terrible saint of that period, to come down from his high place, for even so would the Lord tear down his world and break him to pieces. Such vigorous action along the lines of the enemy certainly called for retaliation, and according to the belief of that period they administered the corrective principle in the most stringent doses. When we are reminded by an epistle sent to Oliver Cromwell, under the supervision of Endecott, by sanction of the general court and council, expressive of their faith and obedience to God, and the uncompromising tenets of his tyrannical policy, we do not wonder at the dark records in the history of the colony and that stanch, puritanical Salem was foremost to expurgate from its ranks all objective elements. Their churches were a fitting exponent of their gloomy philosophy, being rude of structure, devoid of comfort, and bare of ornament as human ingenuity could devise.



AN INTERIOR, ESSEX INSTITUTE.

In these meeting-houses where the spirit came not in love and peace, but with fire and sword, to burn and to slay, they gathered for miles around, often riding through dense woodlands, infested with wild beasts and Indians; father and mother on a single horse sometimes with a basket swung at either side to carry the children. In this condition, perchance numb with cold, they arrived, and sat through the long service with only heated stones or a footstove to keep them from perishing. The minister preached in overcoat and mittens, the deacons carefully turning the hour-glass. The pulpit was high, being reached by a flight of a dozen steps and upon these the children were generally seated. The men occupied one side of the house and the women the other; there was a similar arrangement for the lads and lasses in the gallery. There were two and sometimes more tithing or tidy men whose business it was to seat the congregation and keep order during the services. Young heads in the gallery would sometimes nod together; the spirit of youth ever full of love, coquetry and humor had often to be rebuked. It was a common event for the tidy man to break in upon the sermon with "there is whispering in the gallery."

In the rear of Plummer Hall, on Essex street, stands the oldest church in New England. Its appearance is that of a small chapel with windows set in small diamond panes of stained glass. The interior has been preserved in its original state with bare beams and rafters. Within also are many curious and interesting relics:¹ among them, as a testimony perhaps, of the early cultivation of the divine art of music, are a harpsichord and two other curiously-shaped old pianos. These are the only things, with

¹These relics have since been removed from the church and placed in the Institute.

their thin quavering voices, that speak to us out of the dead past of three centuries. We linger here, and wonder by whom they were used. What fair hands evoked from them the themes of other days! what holy service, what love songs, what dreams and romances were built above the ivory keys, small, loose, and yellow with age!

Here also are the desks of Bowditch and Hawthorne; a pew door from Hingham marked early in the 17th century, with two christening stands, and a gallery filled with spinning wheels, where "in y^e ancient time" many a sweet-faced puritan maid and daring gallant may have carried on their sly courtships.

TALE OF AN APPLE DUMPLING.

'Twas in that time, "the good old time,"
 When witches and the devil
 Were said in fires and butter pots,
 To hold indecent revel.
 Exhausted were the good folks with
 Their many saintly labors,
 To exorcise from house and heart,
 These uncongenial neighbors.

And ghosts were plenty in those days,
 They ranged in every quarter;
 And so the parson fasted, prayed,
 And laid by fire and water.
 His task was very arduous,
 For all without assistance,
 Against the soul's most bitter foes
 He waged this brave resistance.

Sad was the time when Mary March,
 The merriest girl in town,
 From Parson Cook's walked home one day,
 The wife of Willie Brown.



GRACE CHURCH, SALEM.

Though Willie was a likely lad,
 Who'd give her lands and gold,
 Unfortunate, his mother was
 A widow, cross and old.

Full faithfully her darling boy
 She'd "sarved for twenty years;"
 "They'd lived contentedly," she thought,
 "With none to interfere,
 Until the wicked, witching ways
 Of this contriving lass
 Had cast a spell upon the lad,
 Which brought this thing to pass."

In vain poor Mary tried to win
 The love of Mother Brown,—
 Whichever way she chanced to turn
 She met that lady's frown.
 And Willie much engaged in toil,
 Unmindful of their strife,
 Oft sorely grieved old Mrs. Brown
 By kissing his young wife.

"The boy is made a fool," she said,
 "By these palavering ways;
 She is a witch, I'll watch her well,
 I'll catch her one these days."
 So many weeks upon the hearth
 In silent spite she sat,
 But naught came round to prove the witch,
 Not even a black cat.

One day the pot mysteriously
 Upon the crane was hung,
 While roguishly the young wife smiled,
 The kettle puffed and sung.

At noon she saw her plunge her hands
In water boiling hot,
And draw a long white bag from out
The black depths of the pot.

With grim and satisfactory smile,
Marm Brown drew up her chair,
Her keen eyes bent upon her plate
While Willie said a prayer.
Then Mary turned her blandly round:
"Dear mother, if you wish,
Lift up the cover and behold
My wonderful new dish."

When Willie saw with much surprise,
She neither spoke nor moved,
He said for his part he'd not let
The time go unimproved.
And so he lifted from the dish
The pewter cover brown,
Displaying to the company
The dumplings smooth and round.

"And what is this, my little wife?
And what is this?" he said;
"I guess 'tis not a pudding,
And I think 'tis neither bread."
Then Mary, looking very wise,
Mischievously replied:
"Oh! cut it open, Willie dear,
And see the inner side."

So fiercely sat old Mrs. Brown
And glared upon the feast,
One might have caught a new-fledged tale
Of Beauty and the Beast.

When Willie, with a playful stroke,
 The thin crust opened wide,
 She was the very first to see
 The apple hid inside.

Straightway she caught the pewter dish,
 With dumplings three or four,
 She wound her shawl about her head
 And started for the door.
 "Great Heavens! is the woman mad?"
 The son indignant cried,
 As she ran swiftly down the steps
 And locked the pair inside.

Then Mary turned a deadly pale,
 And shook with vague alarm;
 "Oh, Willie! Willie! she has gone;
 'Twill bring us both to harm."
 "Oh, fie, my love! cheer up! cheer up!
 And don't you feel amazed,
 Me and my father never took
 Much notice of her ways.

"A trifle stiff about the church
 Perhaps it was our notion,
 She's rather hard upon a witch,
 But then, O land of Goshen!
 The neighbors all will tell you, dear,
 She's square right up and down,
 With kind a heart as ever beat
 Beneath a homespun gown."

But scarce an hour had passed away
 Before one-half the town
 Were gathered at poor Willie's door,
 Led on by Mrs. Brown.

The parson turned aside and prayed,
A brace of deacons frowned,
While fiercely at the sheriff's back
The women stared around.

Then Willie's strong right arm went round
His pale and trembling wife ;
"Fear not, dear one ! from all alarm,
I'll guard you with my life."
"Ah ! there she is," shrieked Mrs. Brown,
"Then seize upon the witch !"
"God help us all," the parson cried,
"We'll try by fire and pitch."

Then Willie close against his breast
His young wife bravely drew,
And turned him angrily about,
To meet the charging crew.
But, smiling in his eyes, she said :
'You'll shed no blood for me ;
I'll give myself to these good friends,
God will my helper be."

They tore her rudely from his arms,
And brought her to the jail,
But not till senseless 'neath their feet
They bound him sore and pale.
"Oh, God forgive ye, Willie !"
The pious mother prayed ;
The deacon hemmed a short "Amen,"
"The devil take the jade."

A novel trial was proposed,
The town was in a flame,
And through the sweet September noon,
From far and near they came.

A broad green field the court room was
The field of William Brown,
Where many a tree o'erloaded, shook
Its golden fruitage down.

Upon a bench the parson sat,
Beneath it Mrs. Brown,
With churchmen twelve, who would proclaim
The judgment of the town.
Pitched above an open fire,
The fatal kettle hung,
Its huge black sides swung glittering in
The clear September sun.

And all along the sunset hills,
The sleepy shadows played,
While scarce a sound the still air stirred,
Save what the locusts made.
And all along the "crispy" fields
Gathered the motley crew,
Scarce twenty there, or friend or foe,
But that the prisoner knew.

There was the beau she had refused,
An awkward country clown,
Who leaned with patronizing air
Upon old Mother Brown.
And all the girls who'd envied her
A matrimonial prize,
Cast meaning looks among themselves,
With proud and scornful eyes.

A board was brought; a mound of flour
Some apples and a dish
Were placed before the prisoner,—
'Twas all that she could wish.

First, neatly tucking up her sleeves,
With apron at her waist,
The dish beneath the parson's nose
Upon the bench she placed.

Like one that would not be deceived,
He sternly sat and looked,
While busily beneath him worked
The white hands of the cook.
She stirred the flour to a paste,
And rolled it in a trice;
Another minute and the fruit
Was folded in so nice,

That staring very hard, he scarce
Could see a single seam;
Surely, he thought, of all our cooks
She is the very queen.
But still he sat as grave and glum,
And not a word did say,
For fear the water in the pot
Might melt the dough away.

None other dared to venture near
Where Mary's hand had been,
And so 'twas she prepared the pot
And threw the dumplings in.
Down through the boiling tide they sunk
Upon the bottom flat,
Tied in a wicked looking bag,
Like old Witch Hayden's cat.

"Half an hour!" thundered the judge
His watch beneath his eye,
Looking a very pompous pink
Of country magistracy.

The twelve apostles, "buzzing" near,
 Like hornets round their nest,
 Brayed forth their héms ! with meaning nods,
 And frowned their very best.

And Jeremiah Pumpkin gave,
 His chair an awful hitch,
 To move that when the dough was boiled,
 They bag and boil the witch.
 One brother then declared himself
 Much wedded to old ways,
 And preached of God, and fire, and sword,
 And laws of other days.

New fangled thoughts, new fangled ways,
 Strove in this generation
 To bring the holy wrath of God
 Upon the carnal nation.
 For *his* part, he could not desert
 An old way for a new,
 The proper way to serve a witch
 Was in a barbecue.

While thus they wrangled with themselves
 The short half hour was told;
 The judge himself with tongs stepped down,
 The dripping bag seized hold.
 He bore the steaming mass along,
 With firm and steady hand,
 He cut the strong hemp string and rolled
 The dumplings in the pan.

The proof was there, so she was free,
 When none could do her harm.
 "Bless God !" she said ; then pale and cold
 Leaned on her goodman's arm.

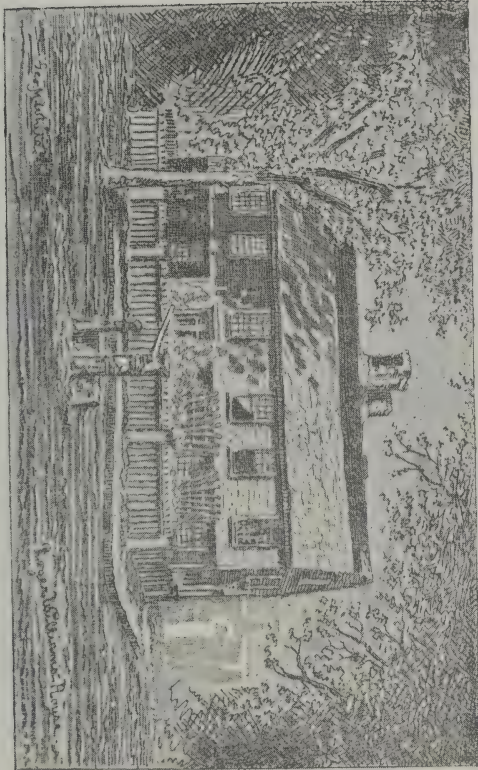
And now among the sunny hills
 The glad hurrah resounds ;
 From many a flask the liquor poured,
 The jovial glass went round.

The milk of human kindness, too,
 Grew genial in the blood,
 And on the victim compliments
 Poured in a merry flood.
 'Twas strange that those, most sternly on
 Her condemnation bent,
 Now boldly whispered in her ear
 They knew her innocent.

"During the winter of 1691 and '92, a circle of young girls was formed at the Rev. Mr. Parris's house for the purpose of practising fortune-telling and becoming expert in the wonders of necromancy, magic and spiritualism.

It consisted of his West Indian servants, Tituba and her husband, who may have instigated it, Abigail Williams, eleven years old, his daughter nine years old who took a leading part in the early stages of the affair," but who was soon removed from the scene by her father, who failed to exorcise the evil spirit that possessed her and Ann Putnam, a daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam, twelve years of age, who took a very prominent part in all the prosecutions that followed so closely upon these unlucky and dangerous experiments.

The mother of this unusually precocious young girl, a young matron of considerable mental power and personal attraction, was also at times with them. This, combined with their social position, had the influence of giving great weight to their testimony. These, with half a dozen other young girls and three



ROGER WILLIAMS OR WITCH HOUSE.

married women, formed the nucleus of the reign of terror in New England.

During the winter they became quite proficient in their arts and excited the wonder of the community with their performances. What is the result? In the course of six months the entire town is drawn into this vortex of spiritual phenomena, or human madness and crime. The children have fits and contortions. People exclaim at their agonies and commiserate them, a physician is called, his niece being one of the afflicted, the popular sentiment is voiced by authority, "Bewitched!" The meetings however continued. The girls go into trances, interrupt public worship, writhe and shriek, and people do not reprove nor seek to check these demonstrations but gather in horrified groups talking of the affliction which beginning in Rev. Mr. Parris' family has spread into many others "Who can it be?" Who is the offender in the community? Woe to her! when she is discovered. At length the afflicted children are persuaded to speak and name their tormentor. The first selection is well made, being one from whom public favor is withdrawn. A poor, aimless creature who wanders from door to door to beg bread, in a community where idleness is despised. "Sarah Good," they cry, "torments us; she beats us with heavy chains, she goes with a black man who would have us sign a book, and she rides through the air with a yellow bird between her fingers." Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, a half-demented creature, are tried and condemned; still the afflictions do not cease. Accusations continue, selecting more honorable members of society, until the judge upon the bench and the clergyman in his pulpit are threatened. Men begin to tremble and question whence proceeds

this power let loose among them ; are they dealing with devils or the madness of human delusion ?

The records of the First church of Salem are darkened by the following entry :

“After sacrament the elders propounded to the church— and it was by a unanimous vote consented to— that our Sister Nurse, being a convicted witch by the courts and condemned to die should be excommunicated, which was accordingly done in the afternoon, she being present.”

Here was the revered head of a large and prosperous family, whose influence was sufficient to get forty signatures from the best townspeople for the repeal of the sentence, old, deaf, white haired, with a character of unblemished purity, dragged from her comfortable home where she was the object of reverence and affection, where in simple Christian faith she waited in her extreme age, for the coming of her Lord, to stand before an earthly tribunal, charged with sins she could not in her enfeebled condition have committed, even had they been possible. Disgraced, slandered, reviled, accused, condemned, cast into prison, brought forth to the church, her aged limbs loaded with chains, and, in the presence of sorrowful friends and merciless judges, solemnly consigned to the infernal powers to whom it was averred she had already pledged her soul. Cast into prison once more ; there to meditate in the greatest extremity of human loneliness and woe upon the nature of her dreadful doom, only to be dragged forth once again, and carted away to Gallows hill and hanged. The picture is not finished. Sons and daughters, at the risk of their lives, at the fearful hour of midnight digging the aged body from the horrible pit into which it had been cast

with many others and secretly bearing it away to the old homestead, for burial.

I do not think it is generally understood and appreciated that Salem did not initiate examples of justice, in the punishment of the supposed crime of witchcraft. The belief in demonology was general. It had been transmitted in ancestral blood from the old world, and strongly nurtured by the peculiar surroundings and condition of the earliest settlers of New England.

Salem became, by accident, the ground of a hostile conflict between the darkness of old superstitions, bigotry and intolerance and the dawn of a higher spirituality destined in its course to give life and liberty to the reason and conscience of men.

The most pointed and marvellous incident is that those who practised the demonology they believed were not convicted of the crime but became the accusers and convictors of wondering and innocent people and were protected in their madness by the highest authority. The "old witch house" at the corner of North and Essex streets was the residence, at this period, of Judge Corwin, and it is averred that many went forth from this place of judgment to death. Here with a gravity that would seem only ridiculous when applied to the subject, had the import not proved so serious, men and women whose imaginations had set flame to their passion came day after day to sit in awful judgment upon those who were neighbors, friends and professing Christians, but toward whom the fingers of the afflicted children had been pointed with the damning accusation of witchcraft.

How small the beginning of the flame! how great the conflagration!

gration, which in its course consumed the domestic peace and quiet of the little town! Ah! why must human wisdom be purchased at such fearful cost of human suffering? The benefit that accrued to mankind from these proceedings is not to be denied. The eyes of the world reverted to the tragedy at Salem, and the terrible significance of it is not likely to be forgotten.

However, that portion of the town in which many of these events transpired was set off from the parent stock in 1757, and became the present town of South Danvers.

Salem was incorporated as a city in 1836, although the seal was not adopted until Mar. 11, 1839. Shipbuilding had become one of its most important branches of industry, which supplied its merchants with vessels that sailed to every accessible port of the world.

Enos Briggs came to Salem in 1790, and established a shipyard in South Salem. He carried on an extensive business in the town and died in 1819 at 73 years of age, highly respected for his mechanical skill and industrious life.

From Aug. 29, 1739, until 1834, there were built in Salem shipyards, 134 vessels, these not including coasters, nor fishing vessels.

Among the earliest builders we find mentioned Robert Moulton, 1629, this being the second year after the landing of Endecott and, in 1635, Richard Hollingsworth, with others less prominent in the business.

In 1644, an order is passed by the general court for the better building of vessels. They offer to incorporate a company, who may desire it, for such business.



THE WILLARD COLLEGE PREPARATORY AND HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, DANVERS, MASS.



Willard College Preparatory

AND

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THE WILLARD SCHOOL furnishes thorough preparation for college; a prescribed course for those who wish to graduate, and excellent opportunities for advanced work in French, German and Music for those who come from high schools and do not wish to take a regular course.

The principal has had an experience of over twenty years in boarding schools for young ladies, at home and abroad.

The school occupies two adjoining buildings, and the croquet grounds and tennis court are sheltered from observation and bordered by pleasant garden paths.

Certificates from this school are accepted at Smith and Wellesley.

Application for admission should be made to

MRS. H. M. MERRILL, DANVERS, MASS.



Trouble with the British in Boston so operated as to transfer nearly all foreign commerce to the port of Salem, thereby rendering it for a time the most important commercial city in New England. Thus Salem has yielded to Boston, not only its first opportunity of becoming the seat of government, but the power and wealth of commerce. After the war, the growing wealth and importance of the capital, with its more accessible harbor, rendered it the natural business centre, and into its arteries of trade was again poured the commerce of the world.

Salem merchants, although they built fine mansions in their native city, yet began going to Boston to transact business; among the most important of such a class was William Gray, a man so noted for the unclouded prosperity of his commercial career, that it has become a New England idiom if not a national by-word to be "rich as Billy Gray."

In revolutionary affairs Salem was early called upon to bear testimony in the incipient struggle.

In 1775, Feb. 26, an invasion of the town by the British created great excitement and did some damage.

It seems that acting upon instructions of a committee appointed by the Provincial Congress, Capt. David Mason had secretly conveyed seventeen cannons to John Foster on the north side of North river, for the purpose of having them fitted with carriages. Foster had at the time a foreign journeyman in his employ whom he greatly trusted, but on Saturday afternoon the latter obtained leave to visit Boston where he managed to inform Governor Gage what the Whigs were doing.

Gage knowing well the character of the people with whom he had to deal, having been previously defeated in his attempt to

prevent their town meetings, laid a cunning plan to capture the cannon. He ordered Colonel Leslie, an estimable officer, to embark with most of the 64th regiment, about 300 men, from Boston Castle, and to capture without failure the ordnance preparing in Salem for the opposition to expected attack from the British.

Leslie selected the following Sunday as the most propitious time for such an undertaking. The ship arrived at Marblehead about noon, the soldiers being secreted, with only men on board sufficient to sail her. The unsuspecting townspeople went to church and in the meantime the whole force was secretly landed at Homan's Cove. Once upon shore they assumed the most formidable attitude: with muskets charged, bayonets bristling, accompanied by the alarming notes of the fife and drum they marched through the town towards Salem.

The Marblehead people followed the troops, an angry, excited mob. They did more; for on perceiving the direction the king's forces had taken, they dispatched a courier to warn the people of Salem of the intended invasion.

The report electrified and roused the entire populace to vigorous action.

People ran wildly from house to house or gathered in the streets in excited mobs.

Bells were rung, drums beat, and guns fired.

"Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale that but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Weak women cling to brave men who were fathers, sons,

brothers and lovers, standing shoulder to shoulder, prepared, with hot indignation, to contest the ground of their liberties with their lives.

Some there were who apprehended the cause of this hostile visit, and made haste to remove the cannon to a secret place.

On came the red-coats, unresisted, across the bridge and into the town ; they marched to the door of the court-house where a



NORTH BRIDGE.

great concourse of people were gathered to learn their demands.

Leslie called a halt, and appealed to the Hon. Richard Derby who owned a part of the cannon in charge of Mason to use his influence with the people that they might be peacefully surrendered to him, but he only made answer that if they could find them they could have them.

Among the sympathizers and friends of the king's party was a lawyer by the name of Samuel Partes, who was observed to point his cane significantly toward the bridge.

Leslie gave the command to march there. Back wheeled the three hundred red-coats in that direction, but a guard of forty men under Colonel Pickering were placed at the bridge with a constantly increasing number of the determined and angry townspeople.

Mason in the meantime had pushed the cannon behind a hill into an oak thicket about three-quarters of a mile from Foster's. "Impatient to close his difficult commission Leslie commanded his men to cross the bridge; but as they attempted to do so the draw was hoisted. He thereupon determined upon more forcible measures. He ordered his men to face about and fire upon the men upon the opposite shore, but Capt. John Felt, who had kept beside Leslie every step of the way with the avowed purpose of grappling, and entering into a deadly personal conflict with him if he opened hostilities, warned him not to fire.

"Where are those who can hinder me?" he questioned arrogantly.

"There!" replied Felt, pointing to a dense mass of his townsmen on the shore. Looking into the dark resolute face of the speaker, he saw that it but mirrored the silent determination of those about him. He now retired to the middle of the regiment and conferred with his officers. Unwilling to relinquish the object of their expedition, he next demanded a passage of the king's highway, and was met with the bold reply that the king had no highway; that it belonged to the people of Salem.

"I will go over that bridge," he cried, "if I remain here a month;" when it was replied that he might remain as long as he wished, but he could not cross the bridge.

Persevering, he ordered his men to take the gondolas and fishing boats that were aground, and proceed in them to the opposite shore.

Then commenced a struggle between the people and the soldiers.

Maj. John Sprague leaped into his gondola and commenced scuttling it, followed by others who used their axes freely in destroying the boats. In the contest that ensued between the people and the soldiers, who attempted to defeat this action, a number of persons were wounded. Thus, upon this ground, was spilled the first blood of the revolution.

Leslie having no orders for battle was obliged to acknowledge himself defeated and, upon promise of a peaceful exit, was allowed to leave the town.

Salem who begat the nation's life, has been merged in the nation's strife. Now are her days of peace more peaceful than elsewhere. The noise of martial tread in her narrow paved streets is but in mockery of the great and dangerous game that nations play.

'Tis but the boy in holiday attire with a smile on his lips and bloodless sword. The heroes of the Indian war, the heroes of the Revolution, the heroes of the late civil war are her sacred dust.

No longer is Salem a maritime city. Her custom-house is a figure head in history. They will tell you it is the place where Hawthorne wrote the first pages of the *Scarlet Letter*. Her port is deserted, her shipping interests are dead. In these latter

years the leather industries have become most prominent in her business life.

Just here might be properly mentioned an interesting episode which occurred in 1834. The brig Mexican from Salem, on a cruise to Rio Janeiro, carrying \$20,000 specie, was run down in the high sea and overhauled by the pirate schooner Pindar.

The "Mexican" crew being thirteen and that of the Pindar thirty, the victory was easy. The pirates confining their victims in the hold, stopping up, as they supposed, every avenue of escape, secured their booty, set fire to the brig, and abandoned her.

One point of egress being overlooked a fortunate sailor escaped, extinguished the fire and released the crew, who returned to Salem with their tragic history. The greatest indignation was expressed and ships were sent out to take the pirate. The Pindar was ultimately run down by an English man-of-war, and the crew of thirty men brought to Salem for trial, where they were all sentenced and afterwards executed in Boston, with the single exception of a young man by the name of Lenardo de Sotto who, for his heroism in rescuing a Salem crew the previous year, was mercifully pardoned.

Parton, in his life of Aaron Burr, relates a pithy incident concerning one of Salem's most noted men, Israel Putnam, well known to the readers of American history as General Putnam.

At an early period of the Rebellion, while Sir William Howe's forces occupied Staten island, Margaret Moncrieffe, daughter of Major Moncrieffe, suffering from the fortunes of war, chanced to be abandoned at Jersey, where she appealed to the clemency of General Putnam, and was generously offered a home in his



ROOM WHERE ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS BORN.

household, doing menial service, as was the custom of the ladies of that period, spinning flax and making shirts and other garments for the General and his soldiers. Notwithstanding this labor which was engaged in by his wife and daughters, she, Miss Moncrieffe, became attached to the good master of the house.

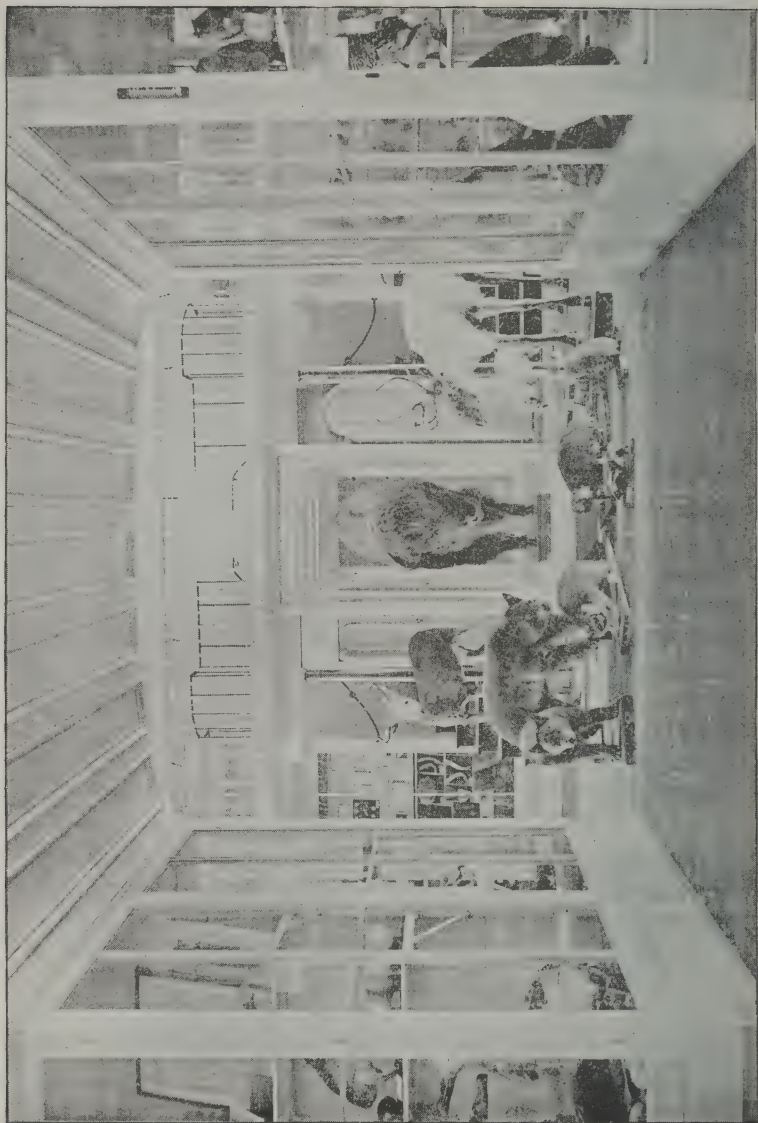
Speaking in the later and most miserable years of her life with enthusiasm of the generous and noble qualities of his heart and mind, "he was," she declared, "a man to command the respect of all who knew him." While at his home she was obliged to meet General Washington at dinner one day. When a toast was proposed, she hesitated, and on her toast being demanded, proposed Sir William Howe. "That toast cannot be proposed here," frowned Washington; whereupon the good heart of Putnam pleaded for her. He begged Washington not to take offence, as she was only a child who knew no better. "Very well," said Washington, "I will pardon you, young lady, providing that you will propose my name or that of Putnam at a similar occasion at Sir William Howe's table." Later, when she had conceived an ardent affection for Aaron Burr, she submitted the matter to General Putnam as her friend and adviser. He urged her to forget the lover who might any day be made by the fortunes of war to stain his hands with her father's blood. From that time he used every exertion to restore her to her father, although she was held by General Washington's command as hostage for her father's good behavior. Finally effecting this purpose he sent her with a very characteristic letter to her father. When her name was announced, the British commander-in-chief sent Colonel Sheriff with an invitation from Sir William Howe to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. Says she, "when introduced I cannot describe the emotion I felt.

Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people who were at dinner with the general. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz among them saying: 'She is a sweet girl; she is divinely handsome;' although it was some relief to be placed at table next to the wife of Major Montesson, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence, but being unfortunately asked, agreeable to military etiquette, for a toast, I gave 'General Putnam.' Colonel Sheriff said in a low voice, 'You must not give him;' when Sir William Howe complacently replied, 'Oh! by all means; if he be the lady's sweetheart I can have no objection to drink his health.' This involved me in a new dilemma. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and to divert the attention of the company I gave to the General the letter that I had been commissioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy: 'General Putname's compliments to Major Moneriffe, has made him a present of a fine daughter, if he don't *lick* her he must send her back again and he will provide her with a good *twig* husband.'

This letter created a great deal of diversion among the company. Miss Moncrieffe writing of it later apologizes for the bad spelling of her most excellent republican friend, by saying bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.

In the old Salem burying-ground, now just across the line, is a bit of sad and interesting history:

Nearly a hundred years ago the beautiful and gifted daughter of a clergyman fled her native town and came here to conceal her misery and shame, the victim of the most unscrupulous and



INTERIOR OF PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

fascinating man of his age, Pierpont Edwards, the son of the most eminent divine, Jonathan Edwards.

Here in what was known as the Old Bell Tavern, she concealed herself under an assumed name, living apart from all until the fatal hour when her sensitive spirit tossed and torn by the tempest of earthly passion, found rest in that haven where the Master said "judge not."

Posterity has not proved unkind, at least, to this one misguided woman. She is only one of a large class, a few of whom the world recognizes as not being beyond the pale of human sympathy.

The beaten path to Eliza Wharton's grave is sufficient to testify how often the way is travelled. Old maids, sweet and sour, the poet, the novelist, the curio collector, have been here year after year, and have chipped away the stone that marks the resting-place of this unhappy girl.

Harmony Grove, the new place of burial, is a beautiful city of the silent.

Salem has many pleasant paths and by-ways, among which the most popular as a pleasure resort is the Willows. During the summer months, moonlight dances, drives and excursions are made to this charming spot from the neighboring towns and cities.

Essex is the most historic street in Salem. At the junction of Essex and Washington streets, over Ives' book-store, is Washington hall, where the first chief magistrate of the young nation was received and honored. In this place, now devoted to dust and cobwebs, may be seen the oldest colonial fireplaces in New England. Upon Essex street are some of the most notable

places in Salem: the First Church, Washington hall, Cadet Armory, Peabody Academy of Science, Plummer hall, and the Essex Institute.

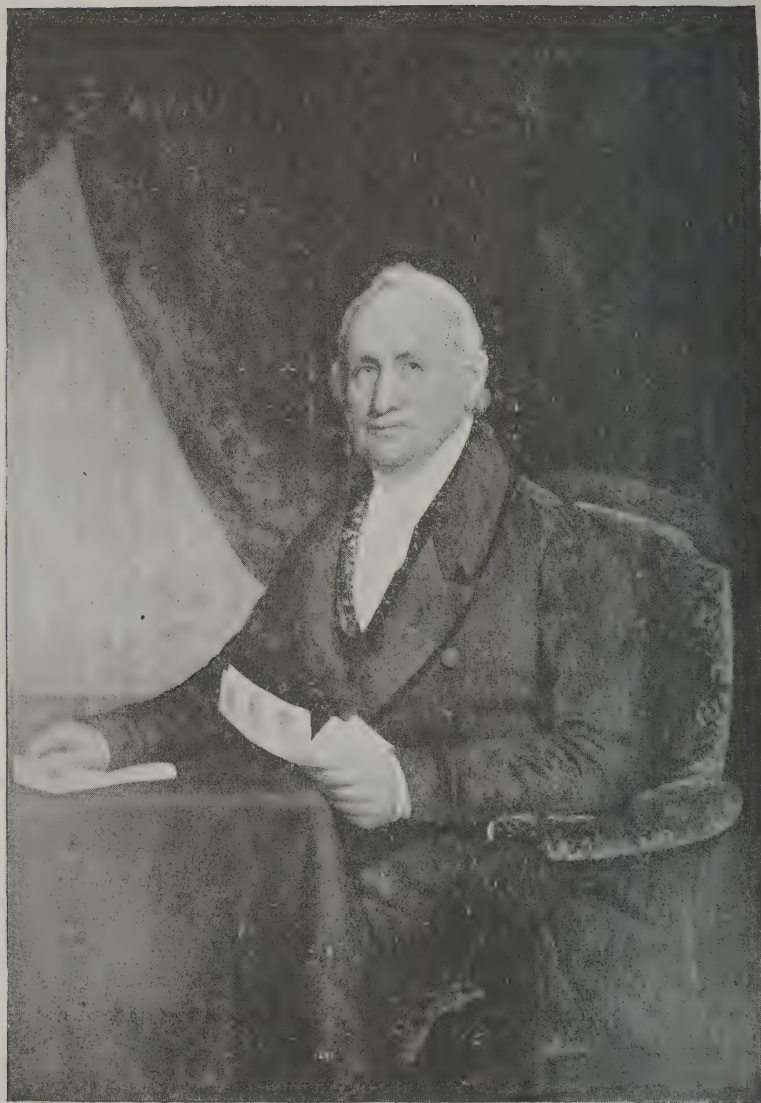
Here also, under the shadow of the Institute is the old White mansion, where Capt. Joseph White was murdered by Richard Crowninshield in the interest of Frank and Joseph Knapp; an act that not only shocked with horror and consternation a quiet and orderly community but involved a highly honorable family in misery and disgrace.

The Essex Institute and the Peabody Academy of Science are places of such interest as to claim the visitor's first attention; the former place being the distributing point of valuable information regarding historic Salem, and the great storehouse of old books, MSS., portraits and interesting relics. The noble mind and character of Salem people is made manifest in these institutions, that are always freely open to the public and should claim a lasting tribute of gratitude from the visitor.

The Peabody Academy of Science was founded in 1867 by George Peabody, the London banker, who was born in South Danvers now the town of Peabody. The donation of Mr. Peabody came very opportunely when materials were at hand to organize an institution on a good basis with a large and valuable museum and a corps of able workers.

Material had been gathering for years under the management of the Essex Institute and East India Marine Society.

This last-named society was organized in 1799 and incorporated March 3, 1801, for the purpose of investigating ocean currents and aiding navigation, for charitable purposes and for the collecting of curiosities brought from beyond Cape of Good Hope



JOSEPH PEABODY,
MERCHANT OF SALEM.

or Cape Horn, only Salem ship-masters and supercargoes who had travelled thus far being entitled to membership. To the museum of natural and artificial curiosities brought from beyond the capes mentioned, and arranged to please the eye and instruct the mind, have been made from time to time many valuable additions. Many noble names might be mentioned in connection with these institutions; but it is not the purpose of the present little work to give a record of transactions that can elsewhere be so easily obtained, nor to write a biography of the zealous spirits that have hewn the way in the interest of science and a higher education, borne the burden in the heat of the day, and leaving the path easy to follow. However, it would please the writer to mention the kindly interest and courtesy which she has received from officers of the Peabody Academy of Science, the Essex Institute, and from Mr. Upton of the Peabody Institute.

Under the instrument of trust, conveyed by Mr. Peabody, East India Marine Hall (erected by the East India Marine Society in 1824) was purchased and refitted, and the museum of the East India Marine Society and the natural history collections of the Essex Institute (begun in 1834) received by the trustees as permanent deposits were placed therein. To this foundation have been added many valuable collections since received by the trustees. By this arrangement the Essex Institute may devote its entire attention to history and the arts and the East India Marine Society continues as a charitable institution distributing the income from its funds among its needy members and their families.

It is desired that the Academy shall benefit the residents of the remoter portions of the county as well as those in the immediate vicinity of Salem, although under the trust, the museum

must be located in Salem and the work of the Academy largely carried on there. The arrangement of the museum is intended to be *educational*, and not merely for the purpose of exhibiting curiosities. It is especially designed to aid the teachers of the county in connection with school work.

The Academy has published two volumes of memoirs and annual reports; it has conducted classes in botany, mineralogy and zoölogy, and for several years held a summer school of biology. Lectures upon subjects connected with natural history and ethnology are given annually in Academy hall, a new audience room opened by the trustees in February, 1886.

The average number of visitors to the Museum has been over 45,000 annually during the past five years.

The collections of the museum of the Academy comprise the animals and minerals, woods of the trees, and prehistoric relics of Essex county. A large collection of the dried plants of the county may be consulted by students.

A synoptical collection illustrating the animal kingdom from the lowest to the highest forms, arranged and labelled according to the text-books in common use in our schools and colleges.

A type collection of minerals illustrating the edition of Dana's *Mineralogy*, used in our schools.

A collection, arranged by countries, of objects illustrating the every-day life, dress and religious customs, the implements of war and domestic use, and objects of art of the native races of China, Japan, India, Korea, Africa, Polynesia, North and South America, etc.

An historical collection of portraits of prominent Salem merchants, members and officers of the East India Marine Society,



INTERIOR OF PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

together with many interesting relics connected with the early social character of that institution, and models and pictures of Salem merchant vessels. These are preserved in accordance with a special agreement, in the new east hall, and form an interesting memorial of the commercial history of Salem.

The museum is arranged in two large halls, one being devoted entirely to specimens of natural history. The new exhibition hall of which a picture is here given was opened in 1889. It contains the ethnological collections of the Academy.

In closing this subject I will quote from the pen of an able writer: "The Essex Institute of Salem, from which the Peabody Academy of Science is an outgrowth, is greatly indebted to one man especially for its success. His untiring zeal, energy, and perseverance, and his acknowledged ability as secretary and librarian and manager in general of affairs of the Essex Institute, have, in a large measure, been the source of success. That man is Dr. Henry Wheatland of Salem, whose silver hairs are a crown of glory, and whose afternoon of life is so radiant, that it seems as if his sun stood still, as in the days of Gideon, while he battles on the fields of historic and scientific research."

To Salem belongs the honor of the first printing-press set up in New England, and the second school was established here. Boston claims a priority of three years.

It has been a city of newspapers that have earned and sustained a high reputation, among which may be mentioned as the oldest, the *Observer*, *Salem Mercury* and *Gazette*.

It can boast its eminent divines, its men of science and letters. Plummer hall, the library of the Institute, may be interesting to many as the spot upon which Prescott the historian

was born. The Witch House, as it is commonly called, is a place of particular interest as having been the residence in turn of Corwin a cruel judge and Roger Williams a gentle divine.

There is scarcely a foot of ground in this vicinity that is not historic or from which may not be evoked the rich traditions of the past.

Whoever visits Salem must be impressed with the warm hospitality, the superior refinement and culture of its people. They love Salem and are familiar with all its points of interest. They will give you racy pictures of historical events, and authentic accounts of places and people you would like to visit. Without exception I believe they will listen patiently and answer courteously the demands of the curious stranger. They are not a people of the present generation; they have come out of the past with their gentle manners. They are not swallowed and lost in trade to the exclusion of that which makes humanity better. They have been abroad and are familiar with the world. They love Salem as the Jews did Jerusalem, but not to the exclusion of places, people and conditions of life beyond Salem. They are in no sense narrow-minded. They appear remarkably free from the yankee rush and bustle,—that wearing, restless intelligence that keeps the nerves whetted to the very quick, disturbing all the well-balanced harmonies of life. Repose and dignity are apparent even in their manner of transacting business. It has sometimes been unkindly said that they are not an enterprising people. They are enterprising in all that makes high character, and life worth living.

Into their antiquities of race, place, and manner they have moulded the vitalizing current of the nineteenth century. Their

schools (here is the State Normal School), their libraries, their public institutions are all of the highest character, and there is not a place in New England more delightful to the tourist, or where a day can be spent with greater profit and pleasure than in this old city by the sea, and among its courteous people.

One point more and I have finished a brief review of a few places and people most interesting to the tourist, trusting this work will serve only as a postal directing to wider investigations that cannot fail to prove a source of profit and pleasure to all intelligent minds.

Whoever visits Salem should not neglect the Peabody Institute at Peabody. They will, perchance, be happily surprised to find in this quiet old-fashioned town one of the most magnificent libraries in the country. It was the favorite child of its illustrious founder. It is a fine building built of brick and ornamented with brown freestone. In the lecture room occupying the upper story is a life-sized portrait of George Peabody by Healy. In the library room of the lower story, beautiful in architectural design is a medallion portrait of the queen of England, one of the largest and finest ever painted and for which Victoria paid the sum of £5,000 presenting it to Peabody as a token of her esteem. This magnificent gift is enclosed in a cabinet with two gold caskets beautifully engraved which were presented the banker by the cities of London and Paris.

Never was a man more honored and beloved for his charities. The wealth he accumulated was widely and wisely scattered. In the closing lines of one of his biographers "the name of Peabody is to stand in the future for philanthropy; this single word shall be his lasting monument."

HENRIETTA D. KIMBALL.

Phillips Library



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